

A THRILL A MINUTE

JAN.
NO. 65

NOV 6 P.M.

CRIME

AND

PUNISHMENT

AUTHORIZED
A. C. M. F.

CONFORMS
to the
COMICS
CODE

10 PDC

ILLUSTORIES

10¢

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER - CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

I'M HIT,
EDDIE! DON'T
LET 'EM
TAKE ME!

YOU DESERVE
IT, YOU ROCKHEAD!
WHY DIDN'T YOU
SEND 'EM A
WRITTEN
INVITATION?



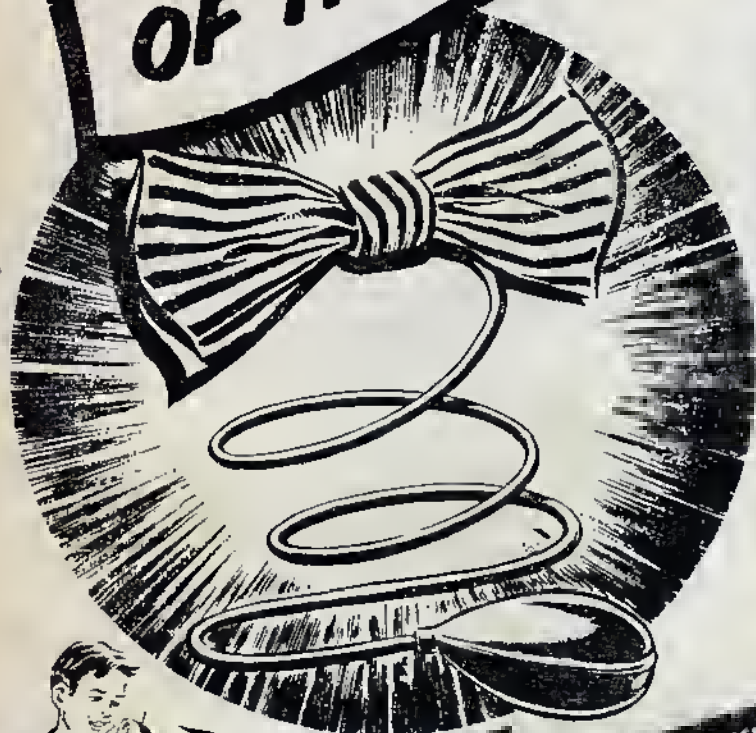
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CRIMINAL CASE
HISTORIES!

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BIG HIT
OF THE PARTY!



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My order amounts to over \$3, please send me the following
gift ring.

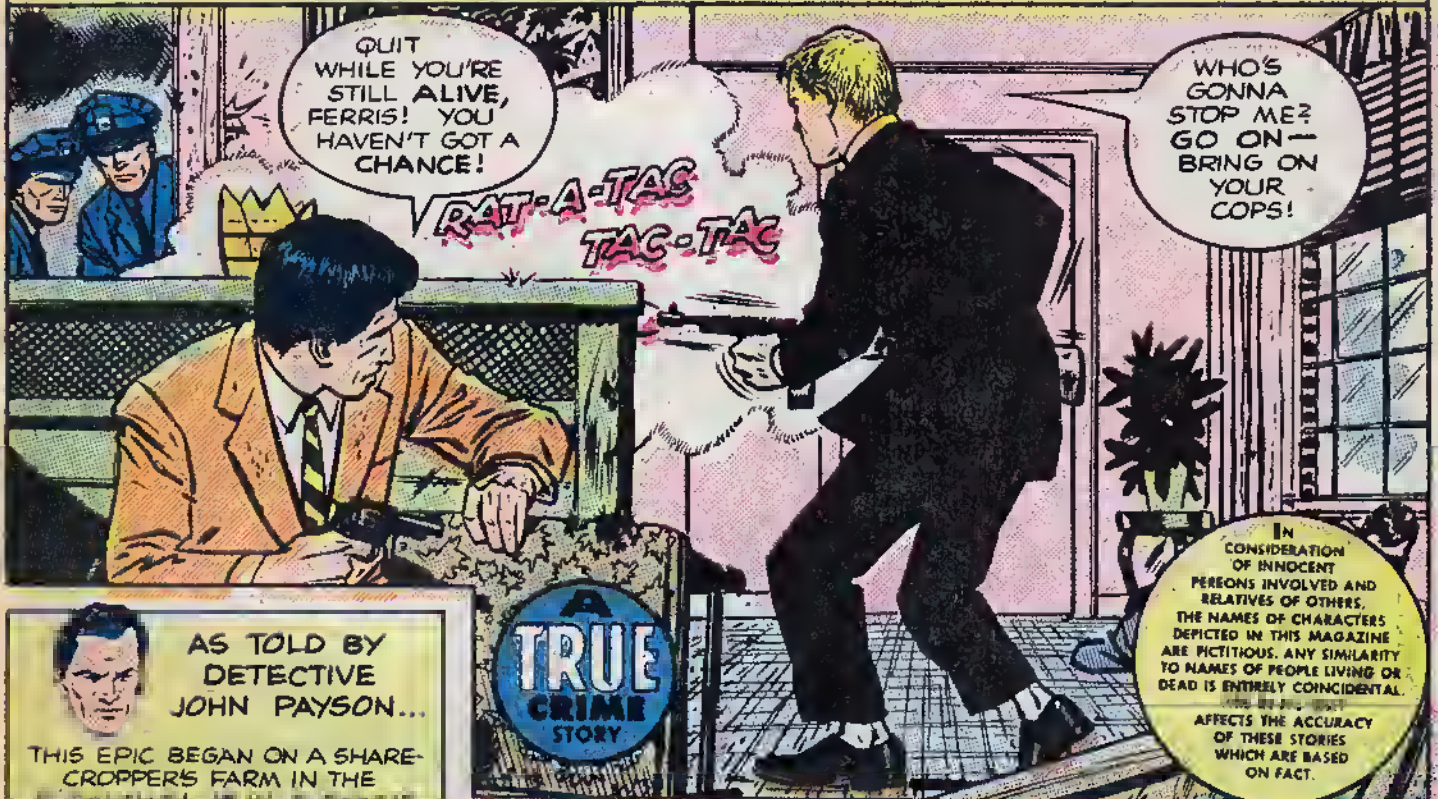
Skull ☐ Horsehead ☐ Snakes ☐ Solitaire ☐

NAME _____

STREET _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

the RISE and FALL of DANNY FERRIS

IN THE WORLD OF CRIME, COURAGE IS MEASURED BY A MAN'S SPEED WITH A GUN! AND SUCCESS OFTEN HINGES ON THE NUMBER OF BODIES HE HAS LEFT IN HIS TRAIL! DANNY FERRIS STARTED WITH NOTHING BUT A VIOLENT TEMPER, A QUICK MIND, AND A STRONG BODY! BUT HE PARLAYED THIS INTO A TOP ROLE IN THE BIG CITY UNDERWORLD! ONCE ON TOP, THERE IS BUT ONE DIRECTION TO GO, AND THE TRIP DOWN IS A LOT FASTER THAN THE TRIP UP—ABOUT THE TIME IT TAKES FOR A SPEED-ING BULLET TO CROSS A SMOKY ROOM!



AS TOLD BY
DETECTIVE
JOHN PAYSON...

THIS EPIC BEGAN ON A SHARE-CROPPER'S FARM IN THE COUNTRYSIDE, AND DANNY'S FATHER NEEDED HIM FOR THE PLANTING...

DON'T LEAVE LIKE THIS, DANNY! SEE YOUR FATHER! TALK TO HIM!

WHAT'S THE USE? IT'S A WASTE O' TIME! HE NEVER UNDERSTOOD ME BECAUSE HE DOESN'T WANT TO! IT'S BETTER THIS WAY, MA!



YOU'LL NEED MONEY! PLEASE, SON, IT'LL BE EASIER ON YOU WHEN YOU COME BACK, IF YOU MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR FATHER NOW!

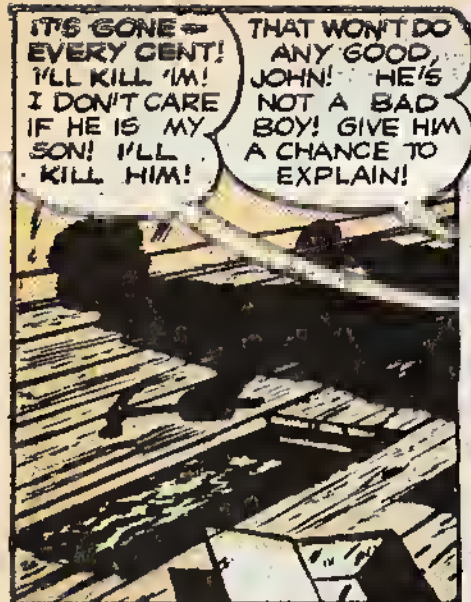
I DON'T NEED HIS MONEY, MA! I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR OVER THREE YEARS NOW, AND I'M NOT COMING BACK! I'M GONNA BE A SUCCESS, MA! YOU'LL BE PROUD OF ME—WAIT AN' SEE!



HE'S GONE, JOAN! YES—I'M SURE YOU CAN STOP HIM IF YOU HURRY!

SO THE LOUSE FINALLY RAN OUT ON US! WHERE DID HE GET THE MONEY? IF HE STOLE MINE, I'LL...





IT'S GONE -
EVERY CENT!
I'LL KILL 'IM!
I DON'T CARE
IF HE IS MY
SON! I'LL
KILL HIM!

THAT WON'T DO
ANY GOOD,
JOHN! HE'S
NOT A BAD
BOY! GIVE HIM
A CHANCE TO
EXPLAIN!

MISTER FERRIS HAD KEPT HIS MONEY
UNDER A FLOOR BOARD FOR TWENTY-
FIVE YEARS! IT WAS EASY FOR HIM
TO FORGET ITS NEW HOME!



MEANWHILE...

I'M GLAD
YOU CAME,
JOAN! I
WANTED TO
SAY GOOD-
BY!

I GUESS
THERE'S NO
WAY I CAN
MAKE YOU CHANGE
YOUR MIND, IS
THERE? I WANTED
YOU TO HAVE MY
HORSESHOE
RING* SO YOU
WON'T FORGET
ME, DANNY!



THANK YOU, JOAN!
I'LL SEND YOU ONE
TO TAKE ITS PLACE!
A DIAMOND!
AND I'LL COME FOR
YOU AS SOON AS
I CAN! GOOD-
BY...

OH, DANNY!
HERE
COMES YOUR
FATHER!



ALL RIGHT, YOU THIEVIN' SCUM!
GIMME THAT MONEY YOU STOLE,
OR I'LL BREAK YOUR HEAD
OPEN!

YOU'RE LOCO!
YOU PUT YOURS
IN THE BANK
TWO WEEKS
AGO!



MAYBE SO - THEN
YOU MUST'VE FOUND
SOME WAY TO GET
IT OUT! HAND
IT OVER!

YOU'RE
CRAZY!



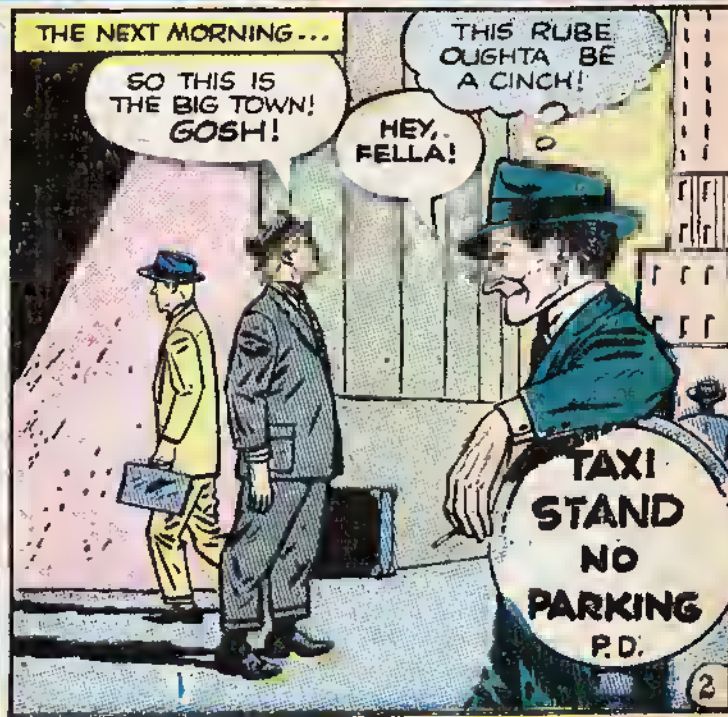
HE SWUNG
A HAMMER
AT ME,
JOAN! YOU
SAW IT!

AAARRGHH!



DANNY! YOU CAN'T
LEAVE HIM LIKE
THIS! COME BACK,
DANNY!

DON'T WASTE YOUR
SYMPATHIES ON HIM!
WE'VE NEVER GOTTEN
ALONG... WHY SHOULD I
CARE NOW? WHEN HE
COMES TO, TELL HIM HIS
STINKIN' MONEY'S STILL
IN THE BANK!



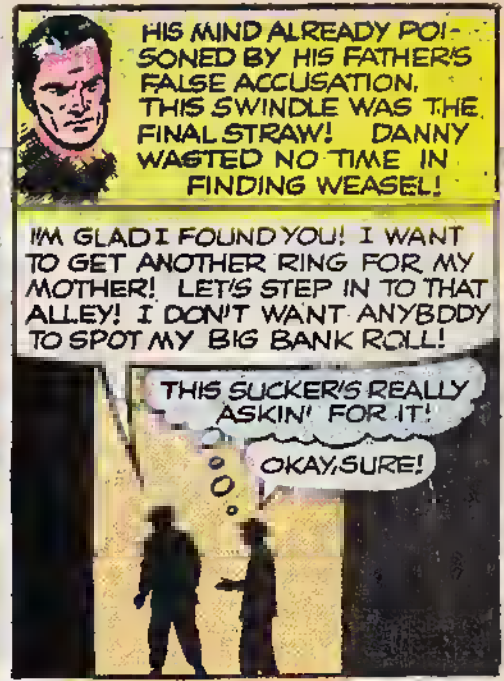
THE NEXT MORNING...

SO THIS IS
THE BIG TOWN!
GOSH!

THIS RUBE
OUGHTA BE
A CINCH!

HEY,
FELLA!

TAXI
STAND
NO
PARKING
P.D.





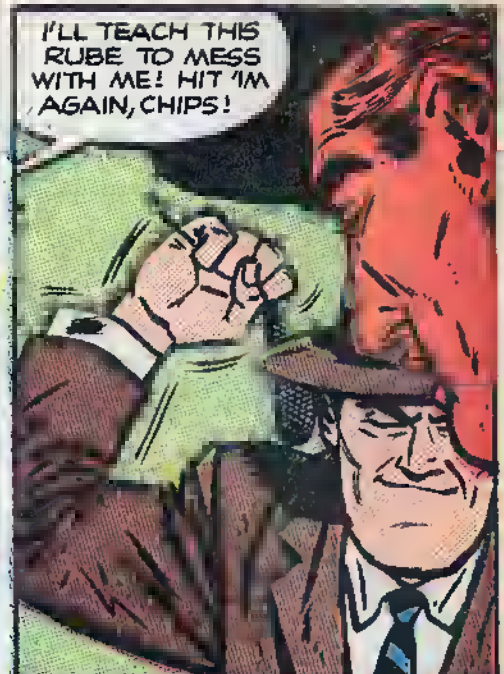
ONE MORE STEP
AND YOUR BUDDY
GETS IT!

OKAY, OKAY!
TAKE IT
EASY,
BIG BOY!

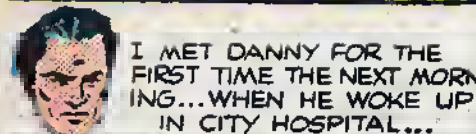


I'M GOING OUT
THE OTHER END
OF THIS ALLEY,
AND...UGGHH!

NICE
GOIN'
CHIPS!
BUST HIS
HEAD IN!



I'LL TEACH THIS
RUBE TO MESS
WITH ME! HIT 'IM
AGAIN, CHIPS!



I MET DANNY FOR THE
FIRST TIME THE NEXT MORN-
ING...WHEN HE WOKE UP
IN CITY HOSPITAL...



YOU WERE LUCKY,
SON! WHO WERE
THEY? WHAT
WAS IT ALL
ABOUT?

I DON'T KNOW!
I DON'T KNOW
NOTHING!
LEMMIE OUTTA
HERE!



THIS RING WAS IN YOUR
HAND! I GUESS THEY COULDN'T
PRY IT APART! I NOTICED
YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS
IN THE WALLET! DANNY, LET
ME GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE-
GO HOME!

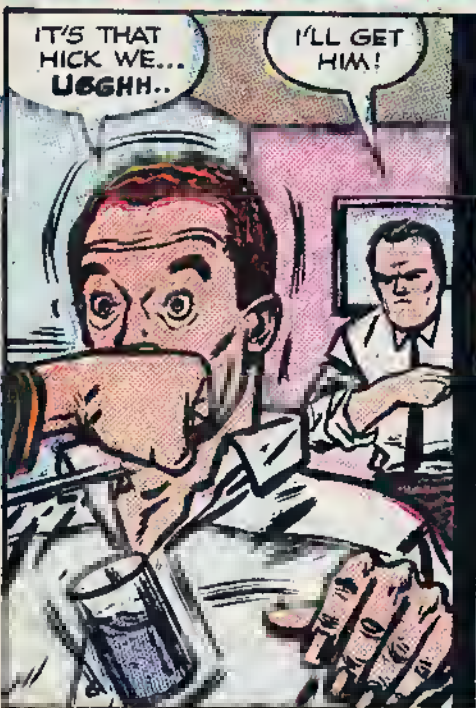
THANKS,
COPPER! I'LL GO
BACK WHEN I'M READY-
NOT BEFORE! I GOT
THINGS TO DO!



FOR TWO DAYS DANNY HUNG
AROUND THE CORNER WHERE HE
HAD FIRST SEEN WEASEL! HE
FINALLY SPOTTED CHIPS AND LEFT!
HE FOLLOWED THEM TO THEIR
APARTMENT...

SOMEBODY'S
AT THE DOOR,
LEFTY!

OKAY, OKAY-
I'M GOING!



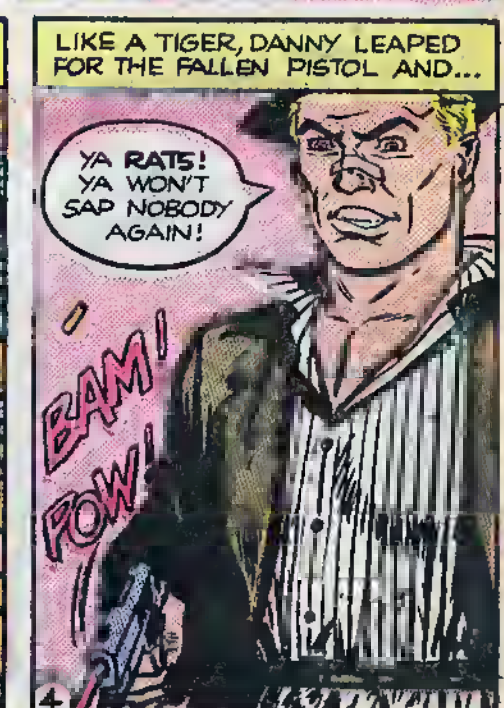
IT'S THAT
HICK WE...
UGGHH...

I'LL GET
HIM!



CHIPS NEVER GOT THE CHANCE
TO USE HIS AUTOMATIC...

YAAA!!



LIKE A TIGER, DANNY LEAPED
FOR THE FALLEN PISTOL AND...

YA RATS!
YA WON'T
SAP NOBODY
AGAIN!

BAM!
POW!

INVESTIGATING THE DOUBLE MURDER WAS MY JOB! AND THE FIRST THING THAT CAUGHT MY EYE WAS A STRANGE HORSE-SHOE SHAPED CUT ON THE FACES OF ONE OF THE MEN! IT REMINDED ME OF A RING...AND DANNY FERRIS!

FERRIS - SURE, I REMEMBER HIM, LIEUTENANT! BUT WE'VE GOT NO LINE ON HIM!

I KNEW HE WAS BITTER OVER THE BEATING, BUT I DIDN'T THINK HE WAS A KILLER! HIS FOLKS! THEY MIGHT GIVE US A LEAD!

I'M SORRY I HAD TO BRING YOU THIS NEWS! I WANT TO HELP YOUR BOY! PLEASE LET ME KNOW IF YOU HEAR FROM HIM!

N..NO! HE HASN'T WRITTEN AT ALL! OH, DANNY! DANNY!

I KNEW HE'D COME TO NO GOOD! WE WERE TOO SOFT ON HIM!

WHILE I WAS WITH DANNY'S PARENTS, THIS IS WHAT APPARENTLY TOOK PLACE!

...A HORSESHOE CUT ON LEFTY'S CHEEK! THAT HICK'S GONE NUTS! I GOTTA GET OUTTA TOWN...Y!!!!!!

YOU AREN'T GOING ANY PLACE, WEASEL!

I'M NOT USIN' A GUN THIS TIME! I'M GONNA TEAR YOU APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!

WAIT, KID! TAKE IT EASY! YOU'RE SMART! YOU COULD GO PLACES! AND I'M THE GUY TO HELP YOU! YOU CAN MAKE DOUGH - BIG DOUGH!

KEEP TALKING!

I..I'M ON THE LEVEL! HONEST! BUGGSY MAYS RUNS ALL THE SLOT MACHINES IN TOWN, AND HE'S ALWAYS LOOKIN' FOR GUYS LIKE YOU! HE PAYS GOOD!

OKAY, BUT IF THIS IS A CROSS! I'LL GET YOU! I SWEAR I WILL!

IT'S NO CROSS! I DON'T HOLD GRUDGES! I'M FOR YOU, KID - ALL THE WAY!

DON'T TELL ME THIS YOKEL IS THE TOUGH BOY YOU WANTED TO BRING TO ME? GET 'IM OUTTA HERE, LEW! BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!

GIVE 'IM A CHANCE, BUGGSY! THE KID'S GOT NERVES O' STEEL!

OKAY, HAYSEED! PROVE HOW BRAVE YOU ARE! THERE'S ONE BULLET IN EACH OF THESE GUNS! WE'LL SPIN THE CHAMBERS! AND THEN YOU FIRE YOUR GUN AT YOUR HEAD! IF YOU MISS THE BULLET I'LL FIRE MY GUN AT MY HEAD! THE ONE WHO CATCHES A BULLET LOSES, NACHERALLY!

WHAT?!



HEY!! GET YOUR BIG MITTS OFF ME!

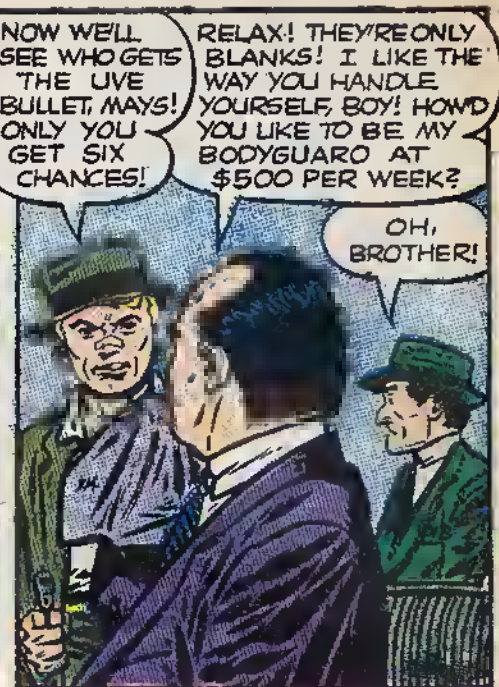
DANNY! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'!



CRASH!

UGHH!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, DANNY!



NOW WE'LL SEE WHO GETS THE LIVE BULLET, MAYS! ONLY YOU GET SIX CHANCES!

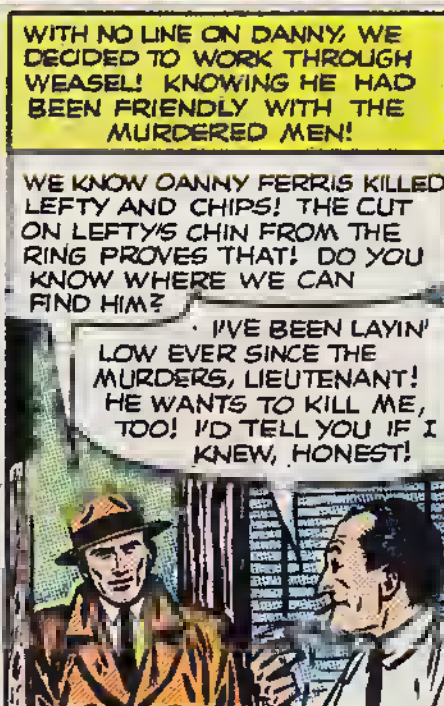
RELAX! THEY'RE ONLY BLANKS! I LIKE THE WAY YOU HANDLE YOURSELF, BOY! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE MY BODYGUARD AT \$500 PER WEEK?

OH, BROTHER!



YOU'RE NOT GONNA FORGET ME, ARE YOU, OANNY? YOU WON'T FORGET WHO STEERED YOU TO THIS JOB!

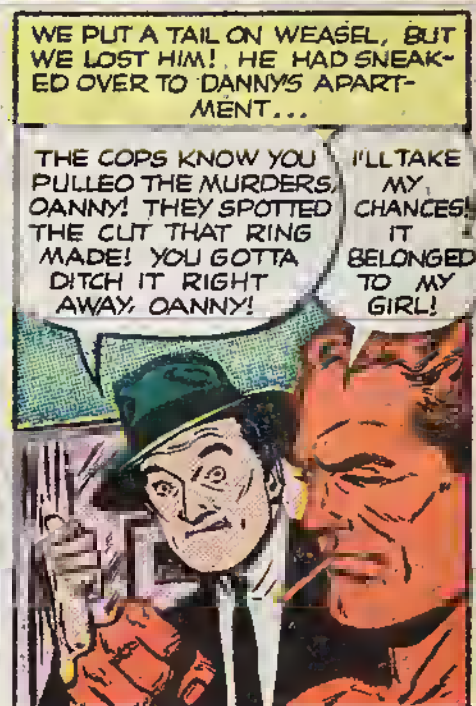
DON'T WORRY, WEASEL! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU! I'M TAKIN' CARE OF MYSELF TOO! I WON'T BE A LOUSY BODYGUARD FOR LONG!



WITH NO LINE ON DANNY, WE DECIDED TO WORK THROUGH WEASEL! KNOWING HE HAD BEEN FRIENDLY WITH THE MURDERED MEN!

WE KNOW OANNY FERRIS KILLED LEFTY AND CHIPS! THE CUT ON LEFTY'S CHIN FROM THE RING PROVES THAT! DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND HIM?

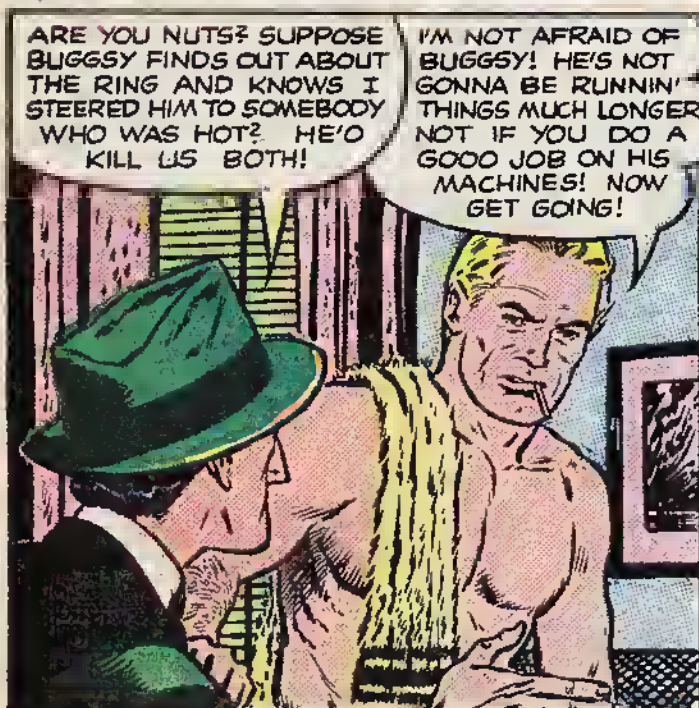
I'VE BEEN LAYIN' LOW EVER SINCE THE MURDERS, LIEUTENANT! HE WANTS TO KILL ME, TOO! I'D TELL YOU IF I KNEW, HONEST!



WE PUT A TAIL ON WEASEL, BUT WE LOST HIM! HE HAD SNEAKED OVER TO DANNY'S APARTMENT...

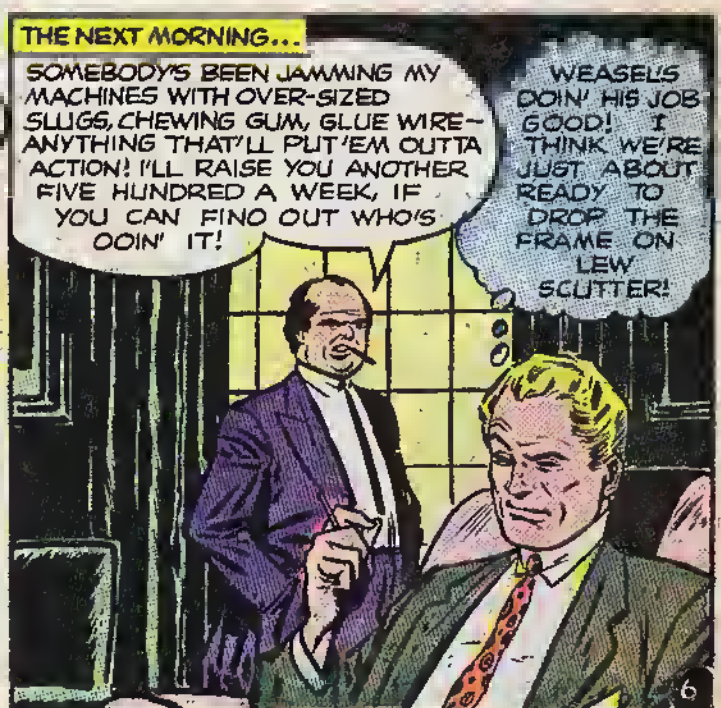
THE COPS KNOW YOU PULLED THE MURDERS, OANNY! THEY SPOTTED THE CUT THAT RING MADE! YOU GOTTA DITCH IT RIGHT AWAY, OANNY!

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES! IT BELONGED TO MY GIRL!



ARE YOU NUTS? SUPPOSE BUGGSY FINDS OUT ABOUT THE RING AND KNOWS I STEERED HIM TO SOMEBODY WHO WAS HOT? HE'D KILL US BOTH!

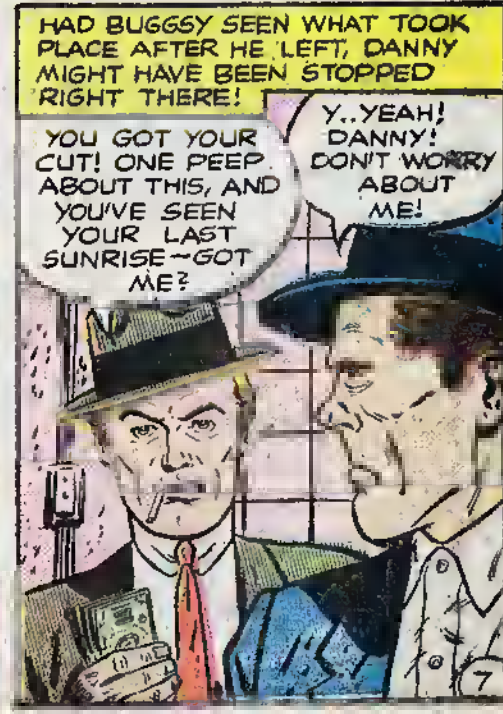
I'M NOT AFRAID OF BUGGSY! HE'S NOT GONNA BE RUNNIN' THINGS MUCH LONGER—NOT IF YOU DO A GOOD JOB ON HIS MACHINES! NOW GET GOING!



THE NEXT MORNING...

SOMEBODY'S BEEN JAMMING MY MACHINES WITH OVER-SIZED SLUGS, CHEWING GUM, GLUE WIRE—ANYTHING THAT'LL PUT 'EM OUTTA ACTION! I'LL RAISE YOU ANOTHER FIVE HUNDRED A WEEK, IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHO'S DOIN' IT!

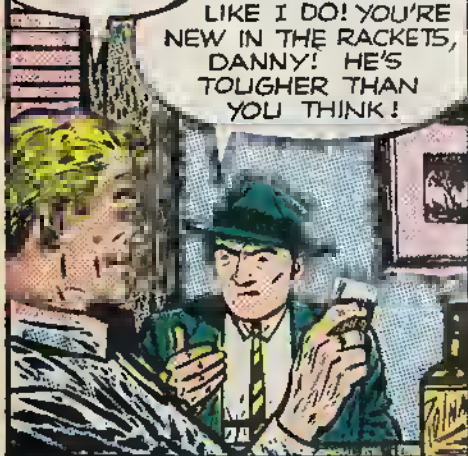
WEASEL'S DOIN' HIS JOB GOOD! I THINK WE'RE JUST ABOUT READY TO DROP THE FRAME ON LEW SCUTTER!



DANNY WAS BUILDING HIS CAREER ON SHIFTING SANDS, BUT HE WAS STILL RUNNING IN LUCK...

IT'S LIKE TAKIN' CANDY FROM A BABY! BUGGSY'S TOO STUPID TO RUN THIS MOB, WEASEL! IT NEEDS A GUY WITH BRAINS LIKE ME!

YOU DON'T KNOW BUGGSY LIKE I DO! YOU'RE NEW IN THE RACKETS, DANNY! HE'S TOUGHER THAN YOU THINK!



BUT YOU'RE GONNA DO WHAT I SAY! YOU'RE GONNA TAKE OVER FOR BUGGSY'S CHAUFFEUR TOMORROW MORNING, AND YOU'RE GONNA KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT, WEASEL! I'LL BE WITH HIM SO

YEAH, YEAH— THAT'S RIGHT, DANNY!



WHO'S THAT? WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' UP SO EARLY, WEAS... AAGGH...

SORRY TO DO THIS, PERKY!



GOOD MORNING, PERKY! HOW'S THE WIFE?

FINE, MR. MAYS!



AS I WAS READING THE PAPERS, I RECOGNIZED DANNY WITH THE WEASEL AND BUGGSY MAYS DRIVE BY...

HEY— DANNY MUST BE WORKING FOR BUGGSY! I'LL PHONE HEADQUARTERS TO TRAIL THAT CAR, Q-4224!



PERKY! THIS ISN'T THE RIGHT- WAIT! HEY— YOU'RE NOT PERKY! WHAT IS THIS?

I JUST WANTED TO HAVE A FRIENDLY LITTLE TALK, BUGGSY, WITH NO INTER- RUPTIONS!



A...A CROSS! YIII!

THAT AIN'T POLITE, BUGGSY! DROP IT!



DON'T GET EXCITED, BUGGSY! I'M NOT GONNA SHOOT! I JUST WANTA BE YOUR PARTNER, FIFTY-FIFTY! IF YOU DON'T PLAY BALL, I'M GIVING THIS NOTE TO THE COPS—IT'S A COPY OF A LETTER SAYIN' YOU KILLED SLUTTER, AND FOUR OF YOUR BOYS HAVE SIGNED IT!

WHY, YOU LOUSY... WHERE'D YOU GET TH' DOUGH TO BUY 'EM OFF?



I HAD FIFTY GRAND, BUGGSY! I GOT A FEW LITTLE SIDE INTERESTS! THEY'RE PAYIN' OFF LIKE SLOT MACHINES!



BUGGSY WAS BITTERLY ANGRY, BUT HE KNEW WHEN HE WAS LICKED! GRUDGINGLY, HE MADE THE ANNOUNCEMENT...

FROM NOW ON, FERRIS IS MY PARTNER! TAKE ORDERS FROM HIM JUST LIKE THEY CAME FROM ME! GOT THAT?

SURE, BOSS!

THANKS, BUGGSY! THAT WAS REAL NICE!

LATER...

I OUGHTA TEAR YOU APART! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D SELL OUT TO FERRIS!

I THOUGHT YOU JUST SOLD OUT! WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

WE DIDN'T CROSS YOU, BUGGSY!

DIDN'T YOU SIGN THAT PAPER SAYIN' I KILLED LEW?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT! HONEST, BUGGSY, I NEVER CROSSED YOU!

NO? AN' SCUTTER NEVER CROSSED ME, EITHER? WHY THAT LOUSY, DOUBLE-CROSSIN' FERRIS!

I HAD BEEN AT THE DOOR, WAITING FOR MY MEN TO GET THE BUILDING SURROUNDED... HEARING BUGGSY'S WORDS, WE DECIDED TO MOVE IN!

DROP IT, MAYS! THE PLACE IS SURROUNDED!

COPS!

DON'T SHOOT!

GRAB THE BLOND ONE, ROSS! HE'S A KILLER!

WE'RE CORNERED! BUT THEY'RE NOT TAKIN' ME THAT EASY!

HEY! MY GUN... UGH!

OKAY, YOU PUNKS- DON'T MOVE, OR I'M GONNA...

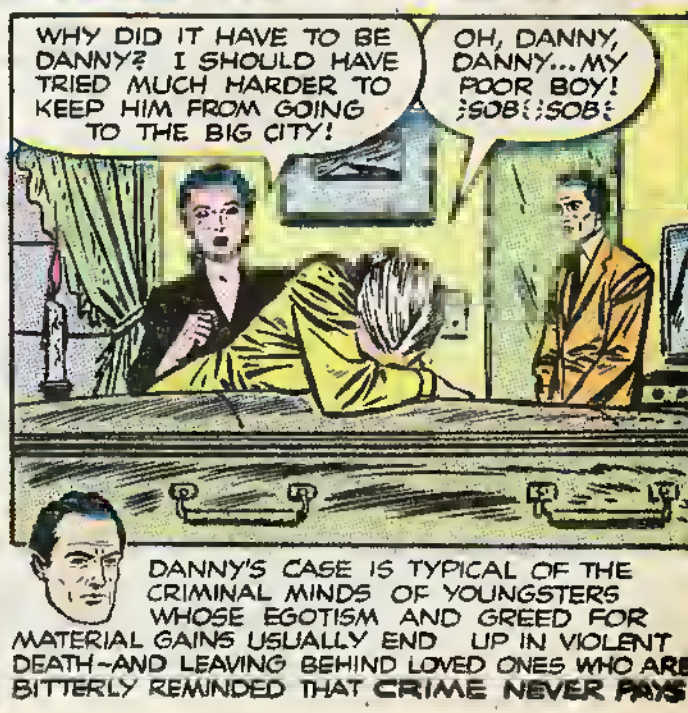
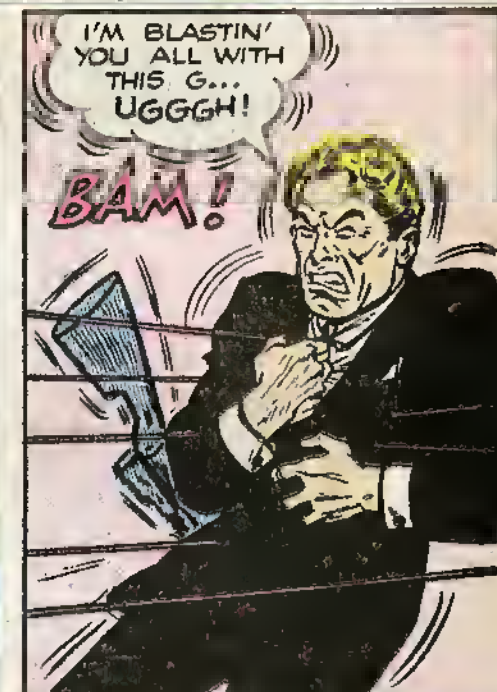
BLAST YOU ALL LIKE THIS... THAT'S JUST A LITTLE SAMPLE, BOYS!

BURRRRR CRASH!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-A-TAT!

A FIRE EXTINGUISHER... I CAN GET BY THIS COP IF I WORK IT RIGHT!

PLAY THIS STRAIGHT, AND NOBODY GETS KILLED! I'M GOING OUT ON THAT TERRACE AND UP OVER THE ROOF! LEAVE ME ALONE AND THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE!



**BANG!
BANG!**

HOT TREASURE

Accidents will happen. A car taking a ferry from one side of a river to another, COULD snap its brakes and crash through the gates. The following morning diver Lou Rand COULD be officially asked by the Harbor Authority to dive into the bay to determine the location of the car. But when he reached for his helmet and found a note pasted on the glass reading: "Rand -- if you want to earn \$500 for nothing, ask for Joe at the Clover Diner on Front Street before you go diving." It was no longer an accident! That's when Lou Rand called me, Detective Sergeant Hal Dexter!

"Lou," I said. "You're in trouble!" Lou looked confused. "I don't understand why. All I've got to do is dive down and make sure the car isn't a derelict. Where does the danger come in?"

I shook the note in front of Lou's face. "With this, I'm going to the Clover Diner in your place, Lou!" I did. The Clover Diner and Joe were both grimey and greasy. I flinched as he shook my hand. "Glad to see you, Rand," he greeted. "Join me for breakfast?"

"No," I replied. "What's this note about? How do I make \$500 by doing nothing?" Joe grinned. "Very easy. You don't dive. Just write out a report that the car is lodged in the mud and ain't worth salvagin'. Y'see, the insurance company will give me a NEW car if the old one ain't brought up. Get it?"

I got it. I also got the \$500. Then I returned to the barge and told Lou we were going fishing. We went out into the bay and Lou started to descend. "Give the car the once-over, Lou," I said. "Look inside. Look for bullet holes."

Lou came up a few minutes later and reported that the car was safely out of shipping lanes and with no marks on it. "It's exactly what I said before," muttered Lou. "An accident. Fat Joe must honestly want a new car." I shook my head. "Na, Lou. Fat Joe couldn't want ANYTHING honestly!"

When we got back to the diving dock, we found Fat Joe waiting for us. "I told ya NOT to dive!" he screamed. "I gave you 500 clams, you shouldn't dive. But I watched ya." "Ya DOVE!"

I smiled easily. "Nothing to get excited about, Joe. We HAD to dive! The Harbor Authorities would be on our necks if the car turned out to be a derelict. But we're going to recommend that the car be left there." Hearing this, Joe relaxed. We went into Lou's office and drank taasts to one another. Lou turned to me angrily. "What's the idea of feeding that tub of lard my best whiskey?" I held up Fat Joe's glass and smiled. "I wanted his fingerprints. I want to know MORE about Fat Joe -- the intimate case history you only find on a police blotter!"

I gave Lou the \$500 to hold and was about to head for headquarters for a look at the fingerprint file when a pretty young girl showed up. She said that she'd read in the papers that a brown sedan plunged off the ferry. Seems that her half-brother, Fred Sawyer, by name had been behaving peculiarly for months. He had more money than was good for him, though he did no work. She had begged Sawyer to drop his fast company, but he said no. Last night, a fat man in a brown sedan picked him up, and nothing more was heard of Sawyer. She didn't go to the police because she was afraid Sawyer was mixed up in some crime -- that he'd only go to prison if they found him. Then came this business of a brown sedan plunging off a ferry, and the girl wondered if the two brown sedans weren't really one!

She had me wondering the same thing. We went around to some of her half-brother's hang-outs, without my learning anything except the girl's name . . . Sally. But at headquarters I found out that Fat Joe belonged to the Jingo Davis mob -- that Davis had a bloody finger

dipped into a lot of rackets. We went out to look for Sawyer -- again without any luck. But when I phoned Lou Rand that night, I was surprised to hear that Fat Joe was visiting. I wasted no time getting down to the dock. The moment Sally saw Fat Joe, she gasped. "That's HIM!" she cried. "That's the man who drove off with Fred!" "What is it, Joe?" I asked. "I thought our business deal was finished?" Fat Joe grinned. "I got another one cookin'. I'm offerin' ye \$1,000 to RAISE the car!" I raised my eyebrows. "Why the change of mind?"

"\$1,000 talks for itself," said Fat Joe. "You do the liftin' tonight en' don't say no."

Fat Joe snapped his fingers and three hoods came into the room, guns in their hands. I looked at Fat Joe coldly. "My report's been sent in, Joe. The cops would get suspicious if we lifted the sedan now."

Fat Joe snarled, "You let US worry about the cops! Get goin'!" He prodded me with an automatic. I took one step forward and two steps backward, taking Fat Joe by surprise. A cross to the face sent him reeling into his pals, upsetting them. I pulled my own .38 and covered the crumbs. "Get this and get it straight!" I snapped at them. "Go back to Jingo Davis and tell him if he wants that sedan, he'll have to dive for it himself." Fat Joe struggled to his feet and glowered at me. "You ain't no diver! You're a cop! I smell Headquarters all over you!"

"For a guy with a busted beak, you sniff fine, Joe. Now stay out of my way! Fat Joe glared at me a moment, then lurched out of the office. I turned to Lou grimly. "Now we ARE going diving!" I said. "There's something in that car they want -- or they wouldn't go to the trouble of raising it!"

I told Lou that this time I would take the plunge. "But you knew nothing about diving," he protested.

"Then better teach me fast, Lou. Only a detective can look for the things I'm after! We're going to find out why Jingo Davis suddenly wants the brown sedan on dry land!"

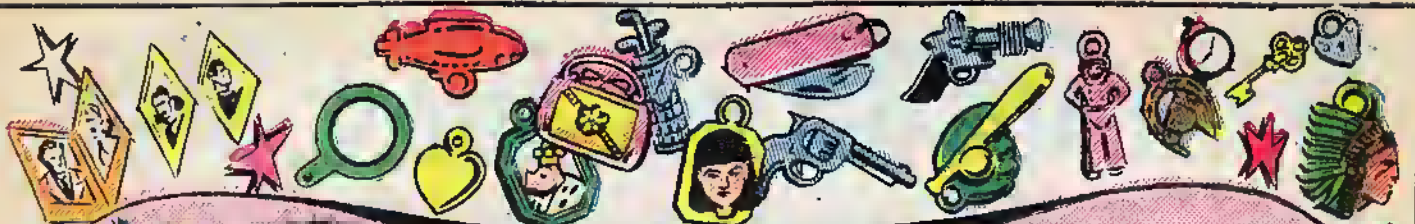
A quick inspection of the upholstery of the sunken car revealed dark stains all over it! Blood! I went over the rest of the car and found bullet holes in the back seat. Then I tried the trunk. It was locked. I'd just decided to come up for an acetylene torch when a voice with the slithering smoothness of a rattlesnake whispered into my ear. "Listen, copper, This is Jingo Davis. You're coming up now and you're coming quietly. Me and the boys -- we're holding guns on two friends of yours. One mole. One female. My blood ran cold. "You win, Davis. I'm coming up!"

When I reached topside I found Fat Joe, Jingo Davis, and four hoods. Lou and Sally were to one side. "Greetings, copper" murmured Davis pleasantly. "You're a smart guy. A smart guy knows when he's cooked." Davis held out a car key. "Take this trunk key. Go down and open the trunk. Inside you'll find a dead body."

I could hear Sally's sharp intake of breath. "Fred Sawyer?" I asked gently. Davis grinned. "You'll take out only the stiff's valuables . . . his wallet . . . plus any papers you find. Then you'll lock the trunk and forget about the body inside. You see, hawkshaw, there was a stickup a week ago. The gang had to split up on account of the cops showing up. Sawyer made off with the swag . . . alone. He buried the ice, figuring on double-crossing the mob and keeping the haul for himself. He gave us a story that he got scared and dropped the ice into the harbor from the Tri-City Bridge! But I tabbed Sawyer as a yellow-gutted liar and I beat the truth out of him. Sawyer drew us a map of where the stuff was buried. He said he had another copy in his other suit. I told Fat Joe to get the other copy, but the fat fool forgot!"

"I get it," I nodded. Sawyer drew you a fake map -- but you didn't know that till this morning when you went to pick it up! Now you need the ORIGINAL map! That's why you first asked me to raise it -- now to RAID it!" Davis grinned and pointed overside -- and I went. I found the body in the trunk but I knew if I came up with the map, they'd kill me on the spot. So I stalled! I said there was rust in the lock. I had spotted a gigantic telephone cable not far from the car. It took a second to short the system. Then I pretended to get sick, and they hauled me back in disgust.

But ten minutes later, when the police showed up to investigate the shorted cable, Davis was so mad he could spit. Here Davis was on a treasure hunt . . . and all he managed to dig up for himself was his own GRAVE!



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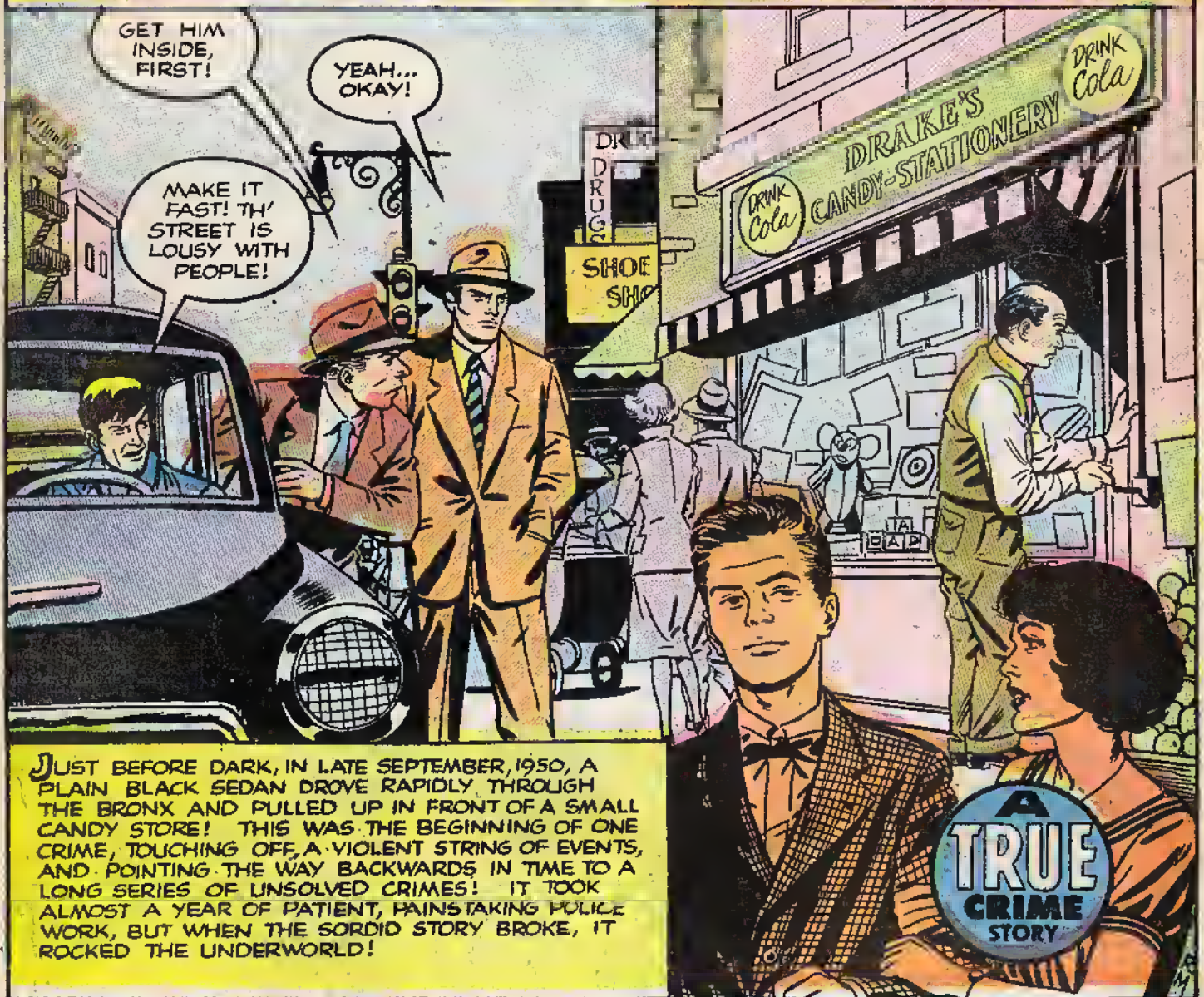
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Bitter DEATH in a Sweet Shop



JUST BEFORE DARK, IN LATE SEPTEMBER, 1950, A PLAIN BLACK SEDAN DROVE RAPIDLY THROUGH THE BRONX AND PULLED UP IN FRONT OF A SMALL CANDY STORE! THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF ONE CRIME, TOUCHING OFF A VIOLENT STRING OF EVENTS, AND POINTING THE WAY BACKWARDS IN TIME TO A LONG SERIES OF UNSOLVED CRIMES! IT TOOK ALMOST A YEAR OF PATIENT, PAINSTAKING POLICE WORK, BUT WHEN THE SORDID STORY BROKE, IT ROCKED THE UNDERWORLD!



THE POLICE WERE CALLED AT ONCE, BUT BY THE TIME THEY HAD ARRIVED, NO WITNESSES COULD BE FOUND! FEARING GANGLAND VENGEANCE, NO ONE WOULD ADMIT HAVING SEEN ANYTHING!



THIS STORY REALLY BEGINS THREE YEARS EARLIER, WHEN GANG LEADER, LOUIS BARDON, FIRST DECIDED TO MOVE INTO THE WHOLESALE FLOWER BUSINESS...

WE'LL GET IN THROUGH THE HEAD OF THE FLOWER ASSOCIATION! HE'S A GUY NAMED JEROME ROLINSON! YOU GO SEE HIM, BUT NO ROUGH STUFF!

OKAY, BARDON!



ROLINSON PROVED TOUGHER THAN THEY HAD EXPECTED!

I'VE KEPT YOUR KIND OUT OF THE ASSOCIATION SO FAR, AND I'M GONNA KEEP IT THAT WAY! TELL YOUR BOSS IT'S NO DEAL!

WHY, YOU CHEAP PUNK!

TAKE IT EASY! YOU KNOW WHAT THE BOSS SAID!



ANNOYED BY THIS DEFIANCE, BARDON DECIDED TO HANDLE THE MATTER HIMSELF.

BE SMART, ROLINSON! WHAT DO YOU MAKE ON THIS JOB? SEVENTY-EIGHTY BUCKS A WEEK? I CAN GIVE YOU THREE TIMES AS MUCH!

NO!



NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I CALL...

AAAGGHH!

I'M THROUGH PLAYING AROUND, ROLINSON!



GET THIS STRAIGHT, ROLINSON! WE CAN GET TOUGH-PLenty TOUGH! YOU PLAY BALL, OR WE GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU!

IT'S A GOOD DEAL, JERRY!

LEWME WORK ON HIM, BOSS!



NO! HE CAN BE USEFUL, IF HE'S SMART! I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE GRAND, ROLINSON! PLUS \$600 A MONTH! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

OKAY, OKAY... I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



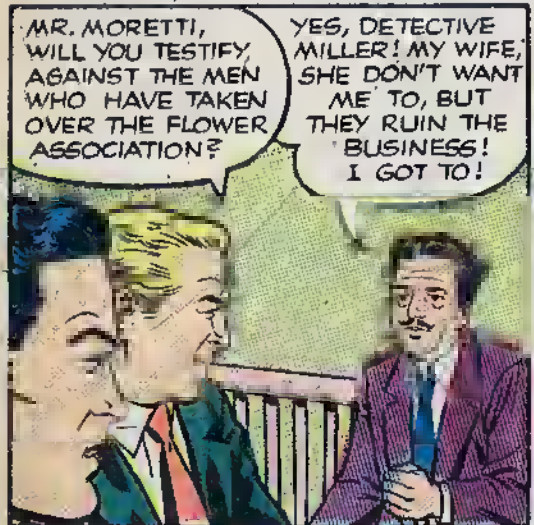
ROLINSON ALLOWED BARDON TO MOVE HIS MEN INTO KEY POSITIONS, AND WITHIN A YEAR, BARDON WAS IN CONTROL OF THE ASSOCIATION! AS ROLINSON HAD LOST HIS VALUE, BARDON, TRUE TO THE ETHICS OF THE UNDERWORLD, CUT OFF THE MONTHLY PAYMENTS! THEN ROLINSON MADE HIS FIRST MISTAKE BY LETTING BARDON KNOW HE WAS DISSATISFIED!

WHO DOES THAT CHEAP TINKHORN THINK HE IS? HE GOT HIS FIVE GRAND, DIDN'T HE? HE CAN'T THREATEN ME!

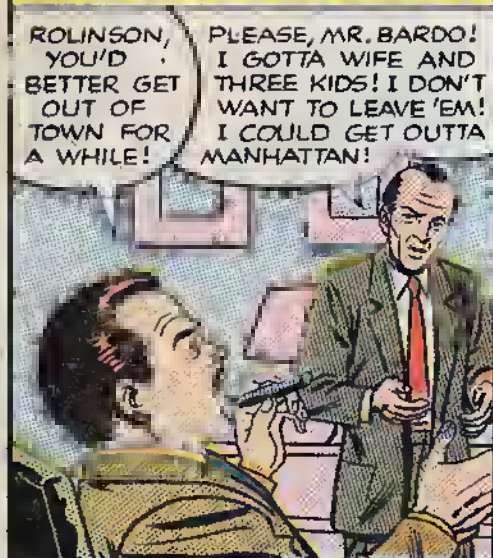
HE'S JUST BLUFFIN', BOSS! KID HIM ALONG! HE WON'T CAUSE ANY TROUBLE!



WILLING TO AVOID A MURDER, BARDO ALLOWED DAVIS TO TALK HIM OUT OF KILLING ROLINSON! DAVIS EVEN CONVINCED BARDO IT WOULD BE SMARTER TO CONTINUE PAYING ROLINSON OFF, TO INSURE HIS SILENCE! HOWEVER, A YEAR LATER...



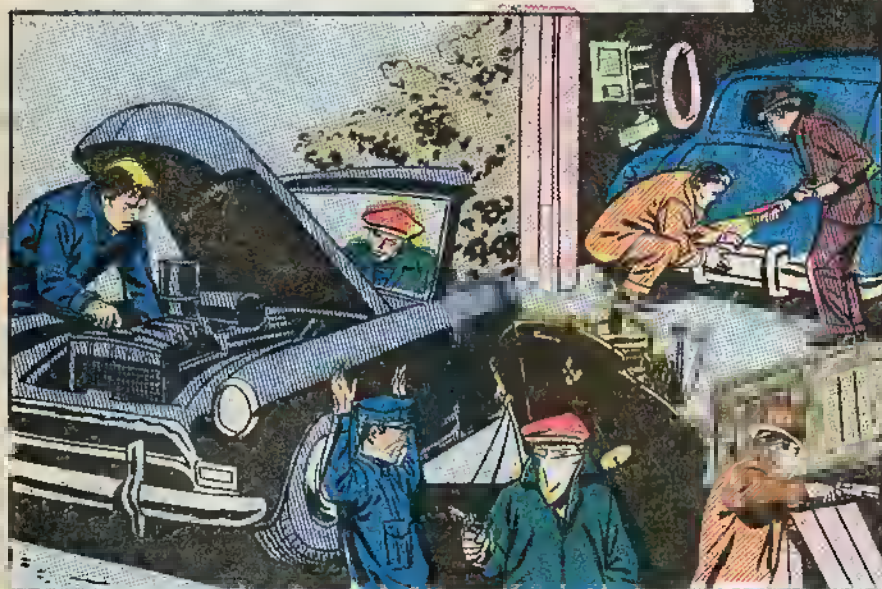
WITH MORETTI'S DEATH, THE HEAT WAS REALLY ON BARDO! AFRAID THAT ROLINSON MIGHT CRACK UNDER POLICE QUESTIONING, BARDO CALLED HIM IN...



WEEKS PASSED WITHOUT THE POLICE BEING ABLE TO GET THE NECESSARY WITNESSES TO TESTIFY AGAINST BARDO! MEANWHILE, ROLINSON GOT A CALL FROM AN OLD FRIEND...



THE SMOOTH MACHINERY OF MURDER BEGAN TO OPERATE! A PLAIN BLACK CAR WAS STOLEN FROM A BACK STREET IN BROOKLYN, LICENSE PLATES WERE REMOVED FROM A CAR IN QUEENS, AND THE DEATH GUN WAS STOLEN FROM A LOWER WEST SIDE PIER...



...ROLINSON WAS FINGERED...



THAT'S HIM IN FRONT OF THE STORE! HE CLOSSES AT EIGHT-THIRTY! THAT'S WHEN YOU HIT HIM!

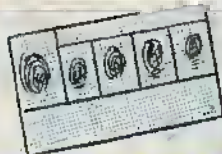
IT'LL BE A CINCH!

AND THAT NIGHT...SEPTEMBER 24, 1950...



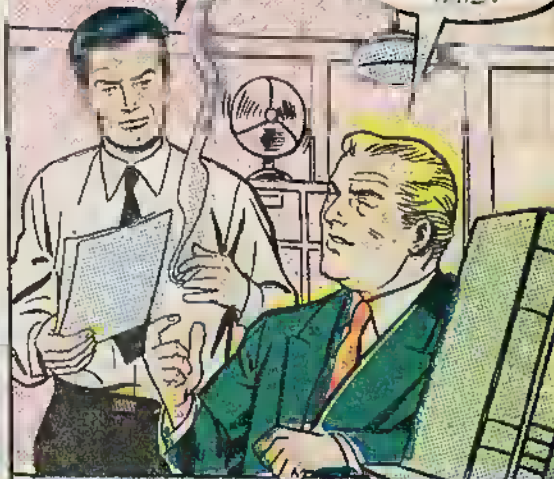
WAIT! WHO ARE YOU?
NO! NO! AAAGH...

NO WITNESSES COULD BE FOUND FOR THIS APPARENTLY MOTIVELESS KILLING OF JIM DRAKE AND HIS FAMILY! THEY HAD MOVED THERE A LITTLE OVER A YEAR AGO, BUT NO ONE KNEW OF THEIR PAST! AS A LAST RESORT, DRAKE'S FINGERPRINTS WERE SENT THROUGH THE FILES...

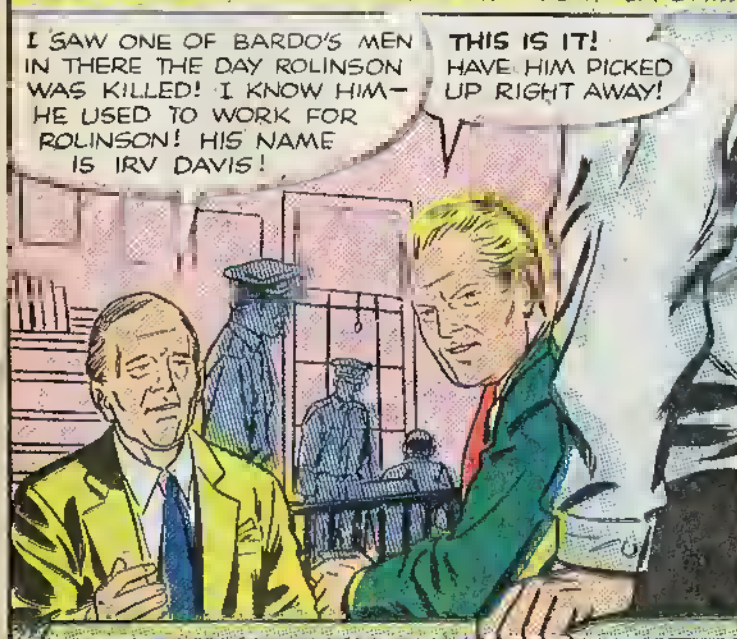


WE FINALLY GOT A LINE ON DRAKE, LIEUTENANT! HE IS JEROME ROLINSON, WHO USED TO HEAD THE WHOLESALE FLOWER ASSOCIATION!

ROLINSON! I WONDERED WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIM! I'LL BET BARDO'S BACK OF THIS!



THE NEWSPAPERS CARRIED THE STORY OF DRAKE'S TRUE IDENTITY, AND THE OTHER OLD-TIMERS IN THE FLOWER ASSOCIATION BEGAN TO FEAR FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY...



I SAW ONE OF BARDO'S MEN IN THERE THE DAY ROLINSON WAS KILLED! I KNOW HIM—HE USED TO WORK FOR ROLINSON! HIS NAME IS IRV DAVIS!

THIS IS IT! HAVE HIM PICKED UP RIGHT AWAY!

DAVIS PLAYED IT CUTE...REFUSING TO TALK!

C'MON, DAVIS! YOU'RE NOT KIDDING ANYBODY! WE'VE GOT A WITNESS WHO SAW YOU IN THE STORE THE DAY ROLINSON WAS HIT!

SO I WAS IN THE STORE! SO WHAT? MAYBE I LIKE CANDY!



AS THE QUESTIONING OF DAVIS CONTINUED, THE MURDER CAR WAS FOUND ABANDONED...

IT'S BEEN WIPED CLEAN! WE CHECKED THE PLATES... THEY BELONG TO A DOCTOR IN QUEENS, BUT IT'S NOT HIS CAR!

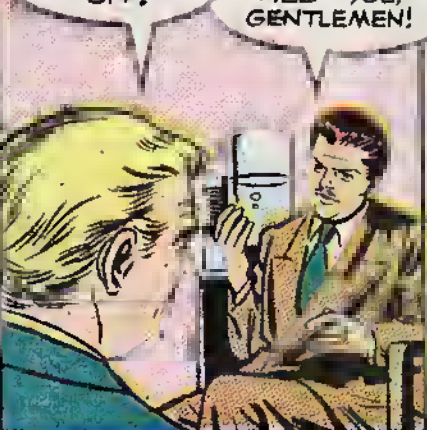
A TYPICAL GANG JOB! THEY STEAL A CAR, STEAL SOME PLATES, PULL THE JOB AND ABANDON THE CAR!



STILL HUNTING FOR A LEAD, MILLER HAD BARDO BROUGHT IN FOR QUESTIONING!

WE KNOW YOU'RE BEHIND DRAKE'S DEATH, BARDO! YOU KNEW HE WAS GOING TO TALK, SO YOU HAD HIM KNOCKED OFF!

I HAVEN'T SEEN ROLINSON SINCE HE QUIT THE ASSOCIATION! I WISH I COULD HELP YOU, GENTLEMEN!



HE'S A COOL ONE, ISN'T HE?

THAT'S WHY HE'S A GANGLAND BOSS, GREENBERG! WE'VE GOT TO PIN ROLINSON'S MURDER ON HIM! HAVE HIM TAILED - I WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING HE DOES!



MEANWHILE, THE POLICE PATIENTLY QUESTIONED ALL OF ROLINSON'S NEIGHBORS, WITH NO RESULTS! ONE MAN, PAUL MACKEY, SEEMED PARTICULARLY NERVOUS AND EVASIVE! HE WAS BROUGHT IN FOR FURTHER QUESTIONING...

YOU'LL BE PERFECTLY SAFE, MR. MACKEY! WE'LL GIVE YOU A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR GUARD!

ALL RIGHT... I LIVE RIGHT OVER THE STORE! I SAW THE CAR ARRIVE... AND SAW THE MEN COME OUT! I'LL NEVER FORGET THEM!

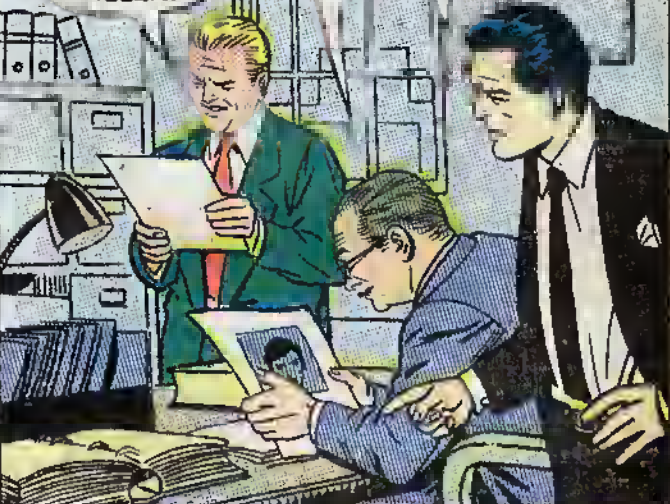
GET OUT MUG SHOTS ON BARDO'S MOB!



THE FIRST GUY YOU PICKED OUT IS BENNY GORMLEY, A KNOWN KILLER!

THIS MAN WAS THE DRIVER!

HE'S JUST A PUNK, LIEUTENANT! NAME OF PUGGY BRATTEN! WE'LL PICK HIM UP!



THE POLICE COULD GET NO LINE ON GORMLEY, BUT BRATTEN WAS EASY TO FIND...

I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN! I NEVER HEARD OF ROLINSON...

WE CHECKED HIS AUBI FOR THAT NIGHT... IT'S NO GOOD!

ONE LITTLE LIE OUGHTA CRACK HIM!



IT'S NO USE, BRATTEN! WE GOT YOUR PRINTS OFF THE WHEEL OF THE CAR! WE'LL SEE YOU FOR YOUR JOB!

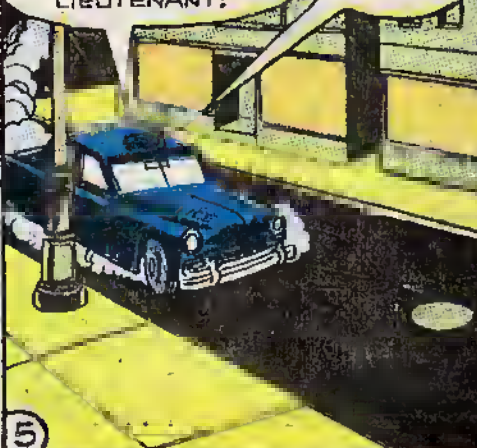
NO! NO! I DROVE THE CAR, BUT GORMLEY AND PHIL BENTZ DID IT! I'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO FIND 'EM!

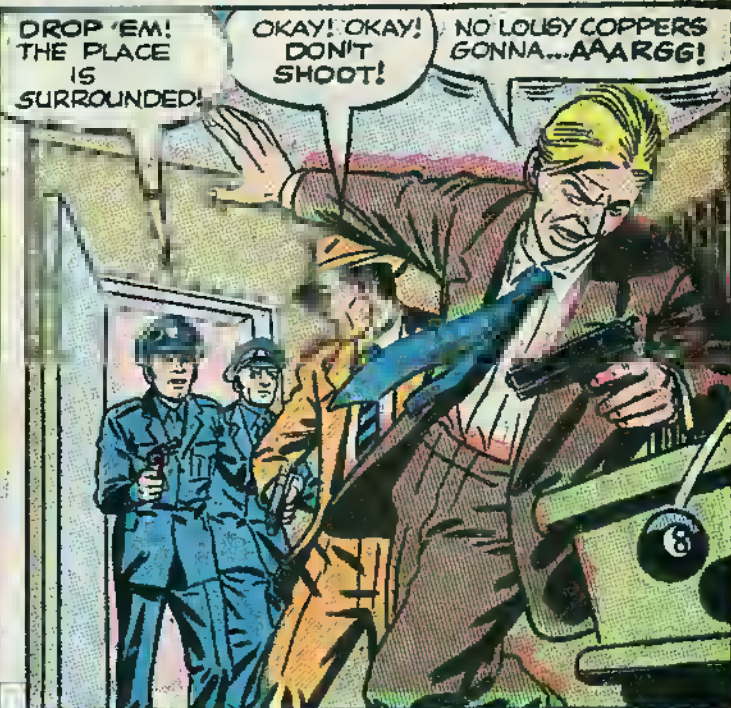
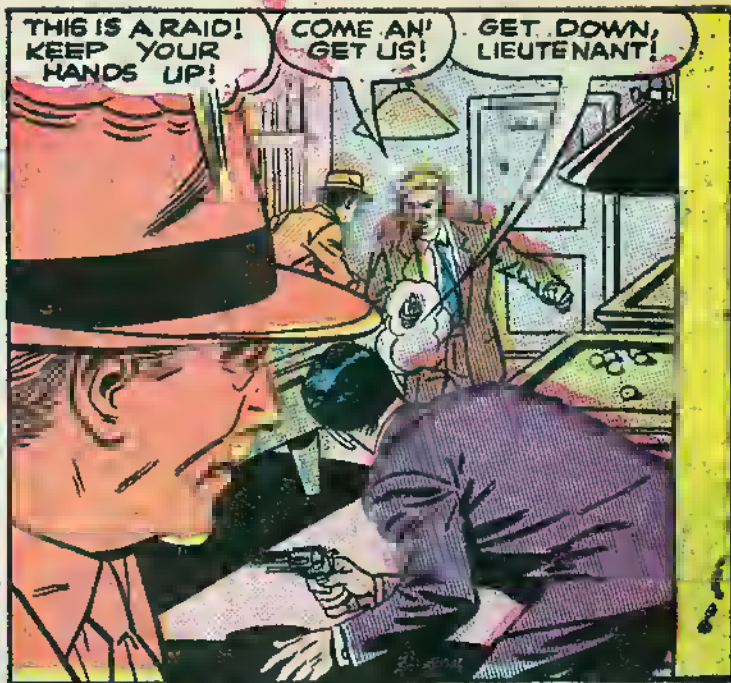
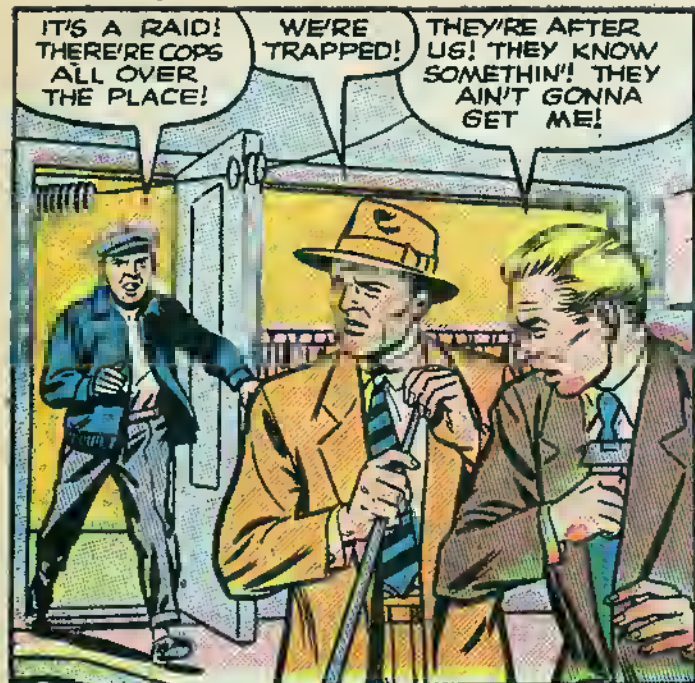


BRATTEN GAVE THE ADDRESS OF A BROOKLYN POOL HALL WHERE HE SAID GORMLEY AND BENTZ HUNG OUT! MILLER ORDERED AN IMMEDIATE RAID, BEFORE THE KILLERS COULD FIND OUT THAT BRATTEN HAD TALKED!

BENTZ AND GORMLEY ARE BOTH IN THERE, LIEUTENANT!

OKAY! LET'S GO!





BENTZ WAS
TAKEN TO THE
HOSPITAL—
UNCONSCIOUS!
GORMLEY REFUSED
TO TALK! EVEN
WHEN CONFRONTED
WITH THE
WITNESS WHO
HAD SEEN HIM
AT THE SCENE
OF THE MURDER,
GORMLEY DID
NOT CRACK!
WITHOUT A
CORROBORATING
WITNESS, THEIR
CASE WAS WEAK
AND STILL
WORSE, THEY
HAD NOTHING
ON THE BRAINS
BEHIND THE
ORGANIZATION.
...LOUIS
BARDO!



THE POLICE HAD NO GROUND TO DETAIN BARDO, BUT THEY DID HAVE ONE TRICK LEFT TO PLAY—GORMLEY'S FEAR OF A DOUBLE CROSS!

WHAT? BARDO JUST BOUGHT A TICKET TO BUENOS AIRES?

LOOKS LIKE HE'S LEAVING YOU TO TAKE THE RAP, GORMLEY!

THAT'S A TRICK! YOU'RE LYING!

WHY WOULD WE LIE TO YOU? WE'VE GOT YOU! PUGGY BRATTEN AND BENTZ BOTH SAID YOU WERE ONE OF THE KILLERS AND WE'VE GOT A WITNESS THAT PICKED YOU OUT OF THE LINEUP! WE WANT BARDO, BUT HE'LL GET AWAY... UNLESS YOU HELP US!

TAKE ME OUT TO THE AIRPORT! IF I SEE THAT YOU'RE LEVELING WITH ME, I'LL TALK!

THEY RACED TO THE AIRPORT, ARRIVING TEN MINUTES BEFORE FLIGHT TIME...

THERE HE IS, GORMLEY!

WHY, THAT LOUSY SKUNK... SURE! BARDO RIGGED THE WHOLE JOB—HIRED ME AND BENTZ AND BRATTEN!

LET'S GO, BARDO! WE'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS DOWNTOWN!

I'M A BUSY MAN, LIEUTENANT! I'VE ANSWERED ALL YOUR QUESTIONS! PLEASE TAKE YOUR HAND OFF MY SHOULDER!

YOU LOUSY DOUBLE CROSSER! LEAVE US TO FACE THE RAP WILL YOU!

GORMLEY! COME BACK, BARDO!

AAIEE! MY LEG!

HE WON'T GET AWAY NOW!

IT TOOK A LONG TIME, BUT BARDO WILL PAY THE FULL PENALTY FOR HIS CRIME AGAINST SOCIETY!

THE END

GORMLEY'S TESTIMONY CLINCHED THE CASE AGAINST LOUIS BARDO, AND HE WAS ELECTROCUTED ON FEBRUARY 17, 1931! GORMLEY BEAT THE CHAIR, BECAUSE OF HIS COOPERATION, AND PHIL BENTZ DIED OF GUNSHOT WOUNDS!

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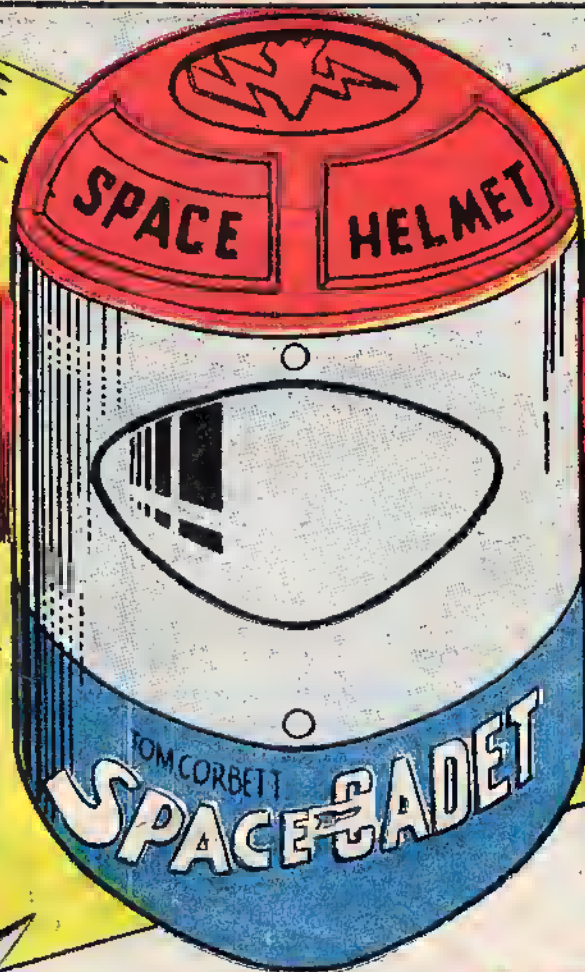
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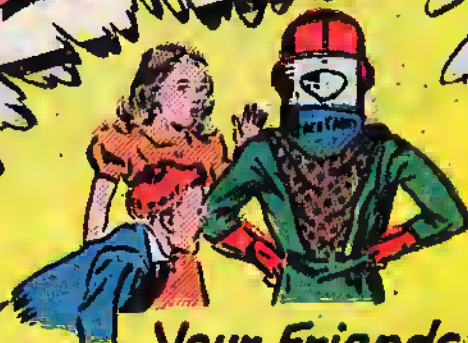
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A
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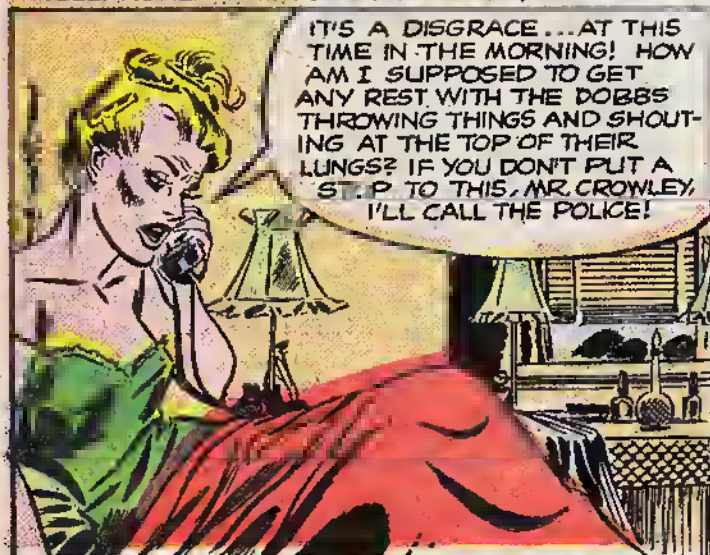
DAILY STAR
NEW YORK MONDAY AUGUST 1949

SOCIALITE SLAIN IN SWANKY APT. WIFE OF RIVERWAY DRIVE MILLIONAIRE



THE NAMES IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS... BUT THE EVENTS ARE ACTUAL! SOME OF YOU MAY REMEMBER THE CASE! IT SCREAMED ACROSS THE HEADLINES ONE MORNING IN SEPTEMBER, 1949! HERE IS THE TRUE STORY AS IT WAS LATER PIECED TOGETHER THROUGH THE TIRELESS EFFORTS OF PRIVATE DETECTIVE RICHARD B. MCCLEARY!

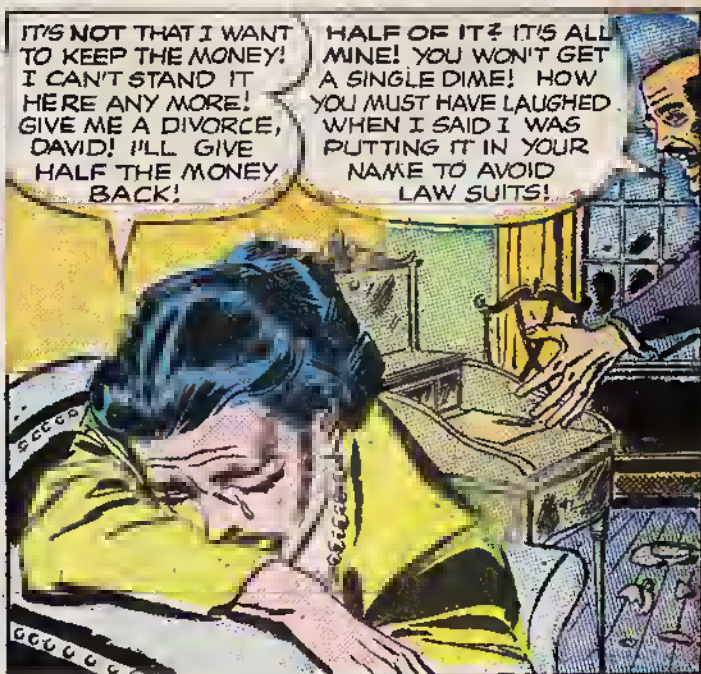
MISS LILA DEXTER, A SELF-STYLED ACTRESS AND SINGER USUALLY STAYED OUT LATE! SHE OCCUPIED THE APARTMENT ACROSS THE CORRIDOR FROM THE DOBBS! ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER SIXTH, SHE ANGRILY TELEPHONED THE SUPERINTENDENT, CROWLEY...

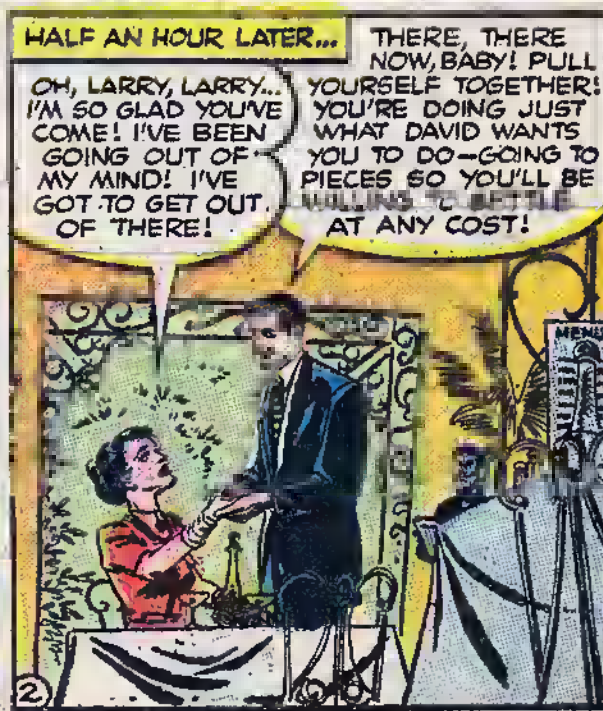
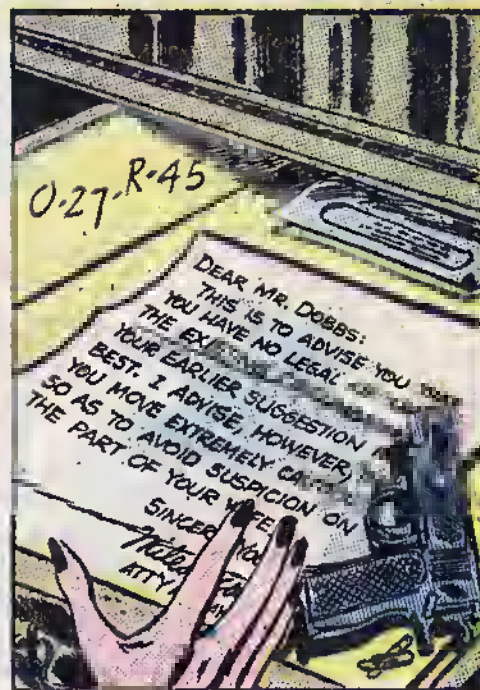
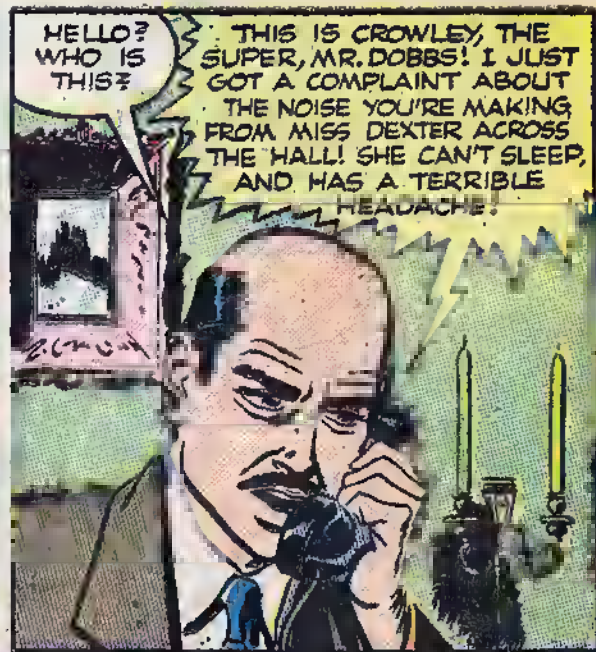


IT'S A DISGRACE... AT THIS TIME IN THE MORNING! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GET ANY REST WITH THE DOBBS THROWING THINGS AND SHOUTING AT THE TOP OF THEIR LUNGS? IF YOU DON'T PUT A STOP TO THIS, MR. CROWLEY, I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

IT'S NOT THAT I WANT TO KEEP THE MONEY! I CAN'T STAND IT HERE ANY MORE! GIVE ME A DIVORCE, DAVID! I'LL GIVE HALF THE MONEY BACK!

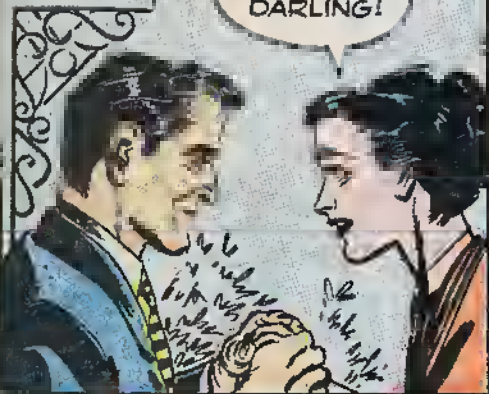
HALF OF IT? IT'S ALL MINE! YOU WON'T GET A SINGLE DIME! HOW YOU MUST HAVE LAUGHED WHEN I SAID I WAS PUTTING IT IN YOUR NAME TO AVOID LAW SUITS!





LISTEN, SWEET, I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING ABOUT DAVID, BUT HE'S NOT A MURDERER! YOU'VE GOT TO BE STRONG! WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME AND GET A COAT, AND WE'LL DRIVE OUT TO THE COUNTRY FOR DINNER LIKE WE USED TO! I'LL TAKE YOU TO YOUR APARTMENT AND WAIT DOWNSTAIRS!

ALL RIGHT, DARLING!



LISTEN, McCLEARY—I'M PAYING FOR THIS JOB, AND IT'S GOT TO BE DONE FAST! WHEN YOU COME BACK TO REPORT TO ME, USE THE SELF-SERVICE FREIGHT ELEVATOR! FIND OUT WHERE SHE KEEPS HER PAPERS! I'VE CHECKED THE BANKS, AND SHE DOESN'T HAVE A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX!



WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHERE'S YOUR COAT?

OH, LARRY! AS I OPENED THE DOOR, I HEARD DAVID HIRING A MAN TO KILL ME! I RAN ALL THE WAY DOWN! ;PUFF; ;PUFF;



LARRY HASTILY STEERED MARION DOBBS INTO A SMALL BAR, BUT THERE...

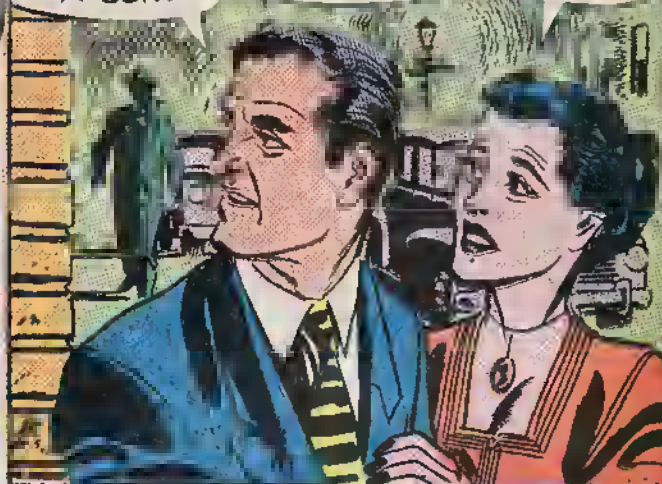
THAT MAN—HE'S HERE! HE WAS HOLDING THAT PIPE BACK IN THE APARTMENT! HE MUST BE TRAILING ME ALREADY!

LOOK—JUST TO SHOW YOU THAT YOU'RE MISTAKEN, WE'LL WALK DOWN THE STREET, AND SEE IF HE'S STILL WITH US! IF HE IS, THEN WE HAVE SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT!



YOU'RE RIGHT! WE ARE BEING FOLLOWED! YOU KEEP WALKING, AND I'LL BLOCK HIM AS HE GOES BY TO SEE IF HE'S CARRYING A GUN!

OH, LARRY—BE CAREFUL!



OOFF!



A DICK! WELL, I CAN USE THIS GUN, TOO!



YOU'RE RIGHT! HE WAS A KILLER! HERE'S HIS GUN! LET'S GO OVER TO MY PLACE!

AREN'T WE GOING TO CALL THE POLICE?



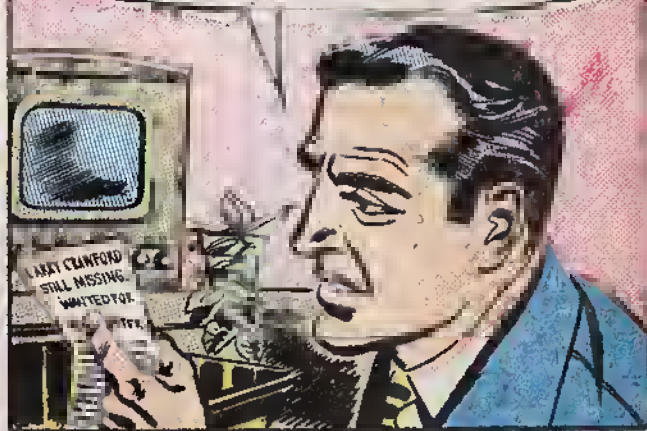
BUT LARRY DIDN'T WANT TO CALL THE POLICE, AND THE FRIGHTENED MARION AGREED TO GO TO HIS APARTMENT...

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! SUPPOSE YOU MADE A WILL LEAVING HALF THE MONEY TO ME AND HALF TO CHARITY, AND MADE ME THE SOLE EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE... THEN HE'D KNOW THAT EVEN IF HE KILLED YOU, HE STILL COULDN'T GET THE MONEY!

BUT SUPPOSE SOMETHING HAPPENS—AND YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANY MORE... OR I DON'T LOVE YOU? WHAT THEN?



NOTHING CAN CHANGE THE WAY WE FEEL ABOUT EACH OTHER! BUT IF IT'S PROOF YOU WANT... HERE, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU RIGHT NOW! I HOPE YOU LOVE ME ENOUGH NOT TO LET THIS CHANGE ANYTHING, BUT NOW YOU CAN SEE WHY I DIDN'T WANT TO CALL THE POLICE!



"LARRY CRAWFORD... STILL MISSING... WANTED FOR MAN-SLAUGHTER..."

LARRY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND... WHY ARE YOU SHOWING ME THIS?

I HIT A GUY IN A BRAWL IN CHICAGO A LONG TIME AGO... AND HE DIED! I WANT YOU TO KEEP THIS, AND IF I BETRAY YOUR TRUST, GIVE IT TO THE POLICE! I'M STILL WANTED, MARION! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LOVE ANYONE ENOUGH TO TRUST THEM WITH THIS SECRET!



OH, MY DARLING! HOW COULD YOU THINK THIS WOULD MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ME? NOW I KNOW THAT YOU REALLY LOVE ME! I'LL MAKE THE NEW WILL TOMORROW!

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME NOW, DEAREST... I SEE YOU HAVE A GUN SO YOU DON'T NEED TO BE FRIGHTENED!



YES, THAT'S THE GUN I FOUND IN DAVID'S DRAWER! I FEEL BETTER ABOUT EVERYTHING NOW...



THE NEXT DAY MARION WENT TO MR. ATTERBURY, HER LAWYER...

EXCELLENT, MRS. DOBBS! I'LL HAVE THIS DRAWN UP AND SENT TO YOU TO SIGN!

ALL RIGHT, MR. ATTERBURY!



BUT WHEN THE WILL ARRIVED, MARION ABSENTLY PUT IT IN HER SAFE, WITHOUT SIGNING IT...

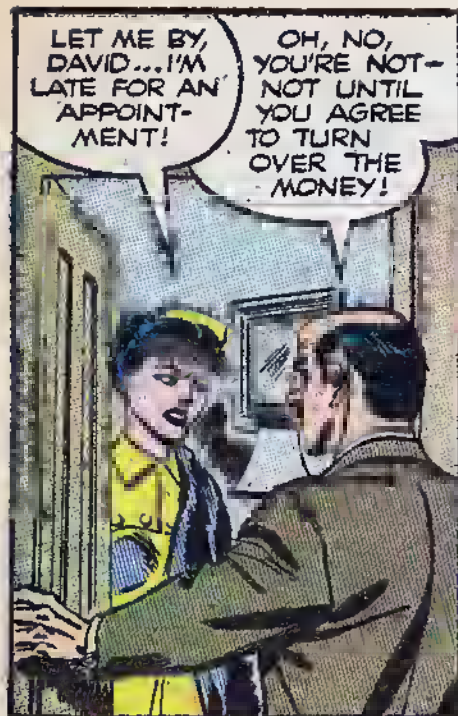
THANK GOODNESS, DAVID'S NOT HOME! I'D BETTER PUT THIS IN THE SAFE RIGHT AWAY!



MARION, ARE YOU IN THERE? LET ME IN!

JUST A MINUTE, DAVID! I'M... ER... DRESSING!





AFTER THE CRIME, LARRY WENT INTO LOUIE'S AND PRETENDED TO TALK TO MARION ON THE PHONE...

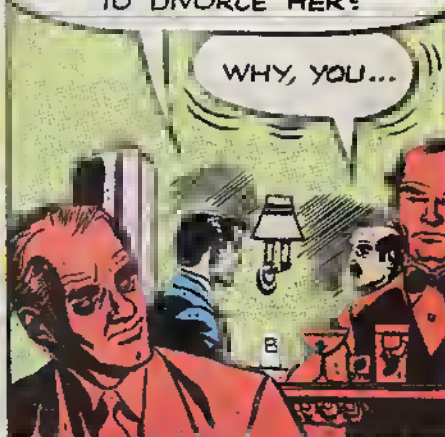
IS MRS. DOBBS THERE? HELLO, MARION, DARLING! LISTEN... I PHONED DAVID, AND HE AGREED TO MEET ME, SO MAYBE WE CAN GET THINGS SETTLED AT LAST! IT'S 4:30 NOW... HEY, JOE! IT'S 4:30, ISN'T IT? I'LL PICK YOU UP AT SIX! GOOD-BY, DARLING!



THE UNSUSPECTING MR. DOBBS WALKED RIGHT INTO LARRY'S BOOBY TRAP...

MR. DOBBS... I'M IN LOVE WITH MARION AND I WANT TO MARRY HER! NOW SUPPOSE SHE GIVES BACK HALF OF THE MONEY, WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO DIVORCE HER?

WHY, YOU...

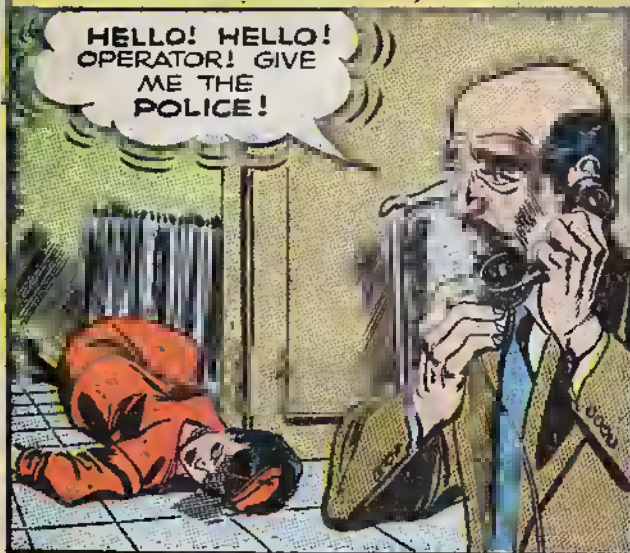


LISTEN, YOU! I TOLD MARION AND I'M TELLING YOU... I'LL KILL HER BEFORE I LET HER GET AWAY WITH ANY OF THAT MONEY!



AT 5:45 THAT AFTERNOON, DOBBS FOUND THE BODY OF HIS WIFE, AND...

HELLO! HELLO! OPERATOR! GIVE ME THE POLICE!



DOBBS WAS ARRESTED ON SUSPICION, AND TRIED FOR MURDER! HE PLEADED INNOCENT, BUT THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM WAS TOO GREAT... BUT MCCLEARY HAD OTHER IDEAS...

...AND AFTER THE DISAGREEMENT WITH MR. CRAWFORD, THE ACCUSED RETURNED HOME TO FIND HIS WIFE PACKED TO LEAVE! HE PULLED OUT HIS GUN... AND RUTHLESSLY SHOT HER!

THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY ABOUT THAT CRAWFORD GUY! HE'S GOT HIS STORY DOWN TOO PAT! HE KNOWS MORE THAN WHAT HE SAYS!



DOBBS WAS GIVEN THE DEATH PENALTY AND SENT TO SING SING TO AWAIT HIS EXECUTION! ON THE SUNDAY AFTER HIS ARRIVAL, HE HAD AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR...

MCCLEARY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I HAVE A HUNCH YOU'RE INNOCENT, MR. DOBBS! THAT TRIAL WAS MISMANAGED! I WANT TO LOOK FOR NEW EVIDENCE, IF YOU'LL REHIRE ME!

I'D LIKE TO, BUT I CAN'T AFFORD IT! I USED UP EVERY CENT I HAD TO PAY FOR THE TRIAL!

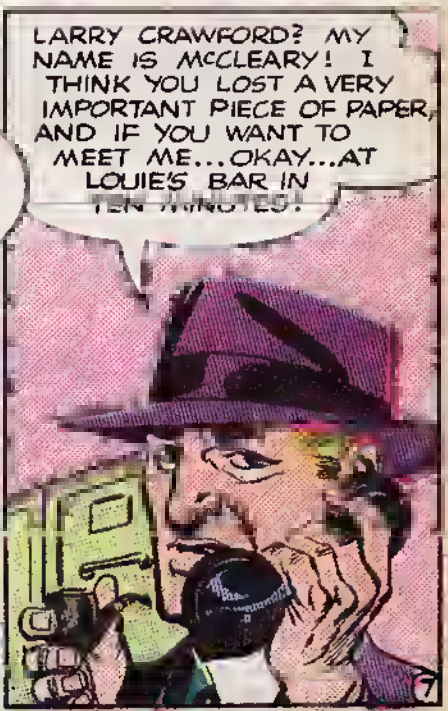
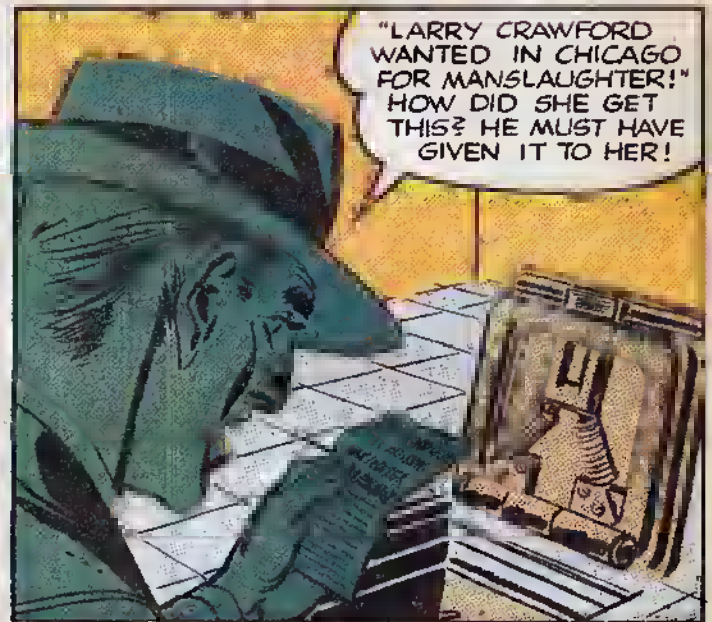
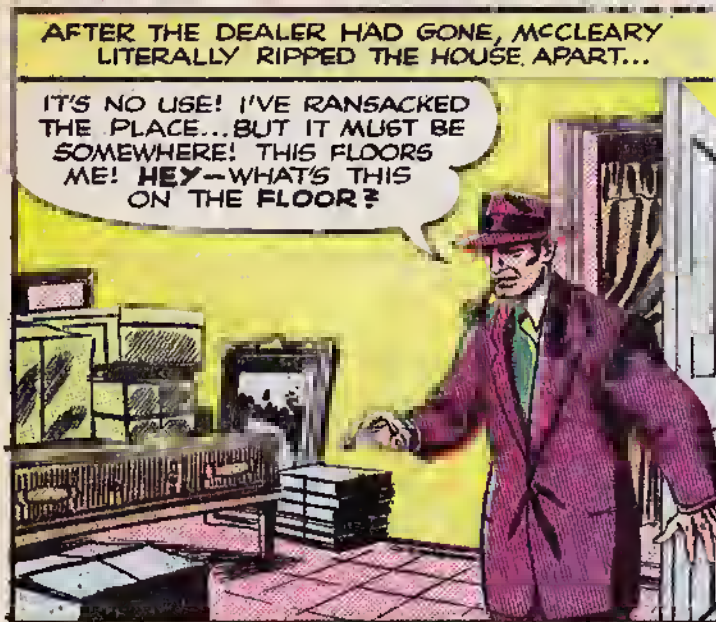
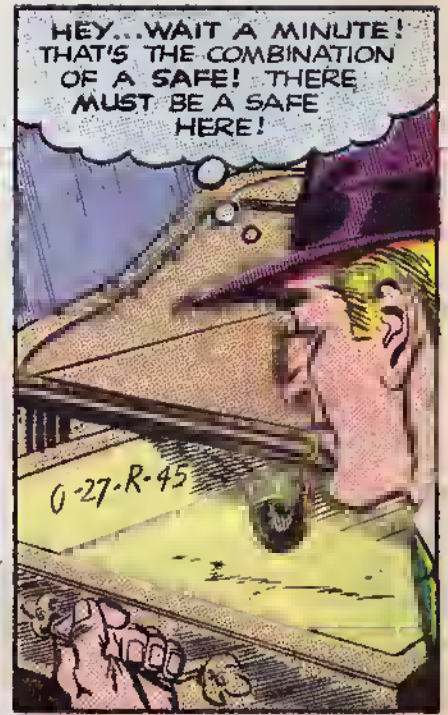
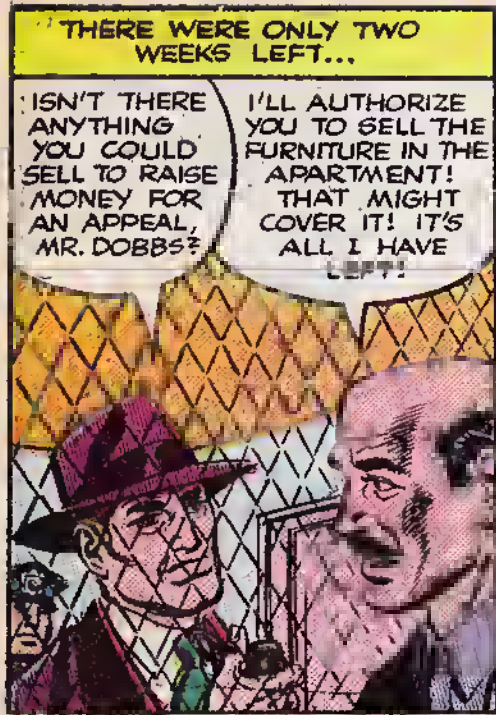
I'LL DO IT ON MY OWN TIME, THEN! THERE ARE STILL SOME OF US WHO ARE INTERESTED IN JUSTICE!



MCCLEARY WENT TO WORK—HE WATCHED AND WAITED FOR LARRY TO MAKE A SUSPICIOUS MOVE! THEN, ABOUT A WEEK LATER...

WHY, YES, MR. CRAWFORD JUST LEFT! HE WAS INQUIRING ABOUT A WILL THAT MRS. DOBBS DREW UP THE WEEK BEFORE HER DEATH! HE WOULD HAVE BENEFITED FROM IT, BUT SHE NEVER SIGNED IT... SO WE MUST ASSUME THAT THE OLD WILL STILL STANDS!





MCCLEARY PLAYED IT VERY CAGEY! HE CONVINCED LARRY THAT HE WAS JUST ANOTHER CROOKED PRIVATE DICK LOOKING FOR AN EASY BUCK...

...SO YOU GEE, I FOUND THAT CERTAIN PAPER YOU'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR, AND FOR FIFTY G'S I CAN LET YOU HAVE IT! SO YOU BUMPED THE DAME OFF, SO WHAT? I FORGET THAT, AND YOU GET

FIFTY G'S IS A LOTTA DOUGH! AFTER ALL, I DID ALL THE DIRTY WORK! WHY SHOULD YOU COME IN FOR SUCH A BIG CUT OF THE TIE? I HAD TO KILL HER—



THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR, YOU RAT! COVER HIM, BOYS!

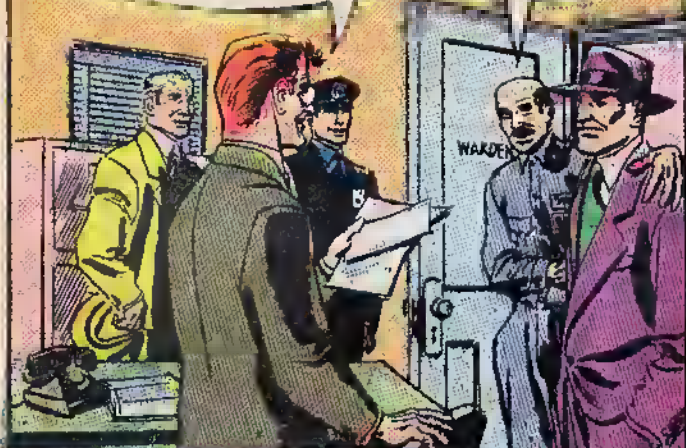
WHA... OOH!!



THAT NIGHT, DAVID DOBBS WAS A HAPPY MAN...

...AND SO IT IS MY PLEASURE, DOBBS, TO TELL YOU THAT YOU'LL BE RELEASED IN THE MORNING!

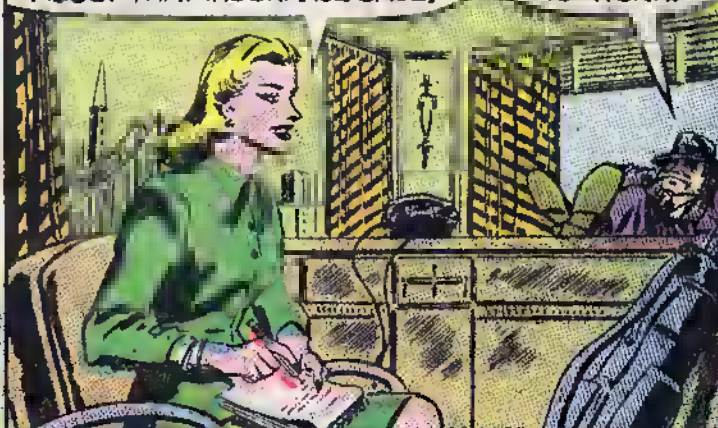
I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THANKS AN AWFUL LOT, MCCLEARY!



MCCLEARY, WHO HAD BEEN WILLING TO WORK FOR NOTHING TO SAVE AN INNOCENT MAN, WAS REWARDED BEYOND HIS WILDEST DREAMS...

TWO MORE JOBS CAME IN THIS MORNING, MR. MCCLEARY! AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE ACME COMPANY WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THAT INSURANCE CASE!

GIVE IT TO ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS, BABY! YOU AND I ARE TOO RICH TO WORK!



HOW ABOUT LUNCH AT THE TWENTY-ONE? I NEED TO RELAX AND STARE INTO THOSE BEAUTIFUL BLUE EYES OF YOURS!

FOR A FAMOUS PRIVATE DETECTIVE, YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION ARE PRETTY BAD—MY EYES ARE BROWN!

HMM... YES, THEY ARE... C'MON, BABY, IT'S GETTING LATE!

GEE, IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN EXCITING CASE!



NERVE AND BRAINS, KID! THAT'S ALL IT TOOK! C'MON—MY CHARIOT IS DOWNSTAIRS, OR WOULD YOU PREFER TO RIDE IN ONE OF MY ARMORED CARS?

MCCLEARY
DETECTIVE
AGENCY

24-HR. SERVICE
OUR OWN
ARMORED
CARS



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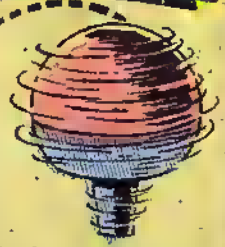
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Look through this magazine for other 3 FLAGS TRADING CO. ads. You will find many different, exciting things you'll want to buy. Send in an order totalling \$3 or more and choose any ONE of the rings shown here. **IT WILL BE OUR GIFT TO YOU!**



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Gentlemen: Please send me the following. I enclose:

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My order amounts to over \$3, please send me the following gift ring.

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NAME

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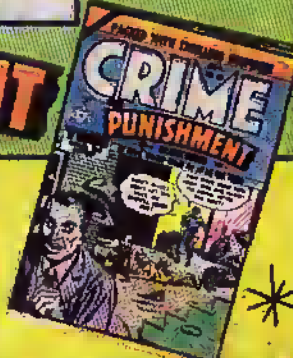
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NEW STYLES DEMAND SMOOTH, FLAT TUMMY



Amazing New French Undergarment Girdle Makes You Look Your Best in New Fashions

Never before has a flesh control girdle been designed right along with the styles. These wonderful most flattering new styles will make you look more lovely than you dreamed—but only if you wear them properly. TUMMY-TRIM brings a new shapeliness and feminine youthfulness to your figure. For the first time in a popular priced girdle it takes advantage of French coutouriers' insight into womanly allure. Leading designers actually applauded when they saw the amazing slimming action of the criss-cross tension-molders.

HIDE FAT BULGES INSTANTLY BY CROSS-PULL SECTIONS

Exciting new fashions emphasize your womanly loveliness and are more form-fitting and revealing. But the fashions of any season require a flat, smooth tummy. If you have just bought a new dress, you'll be astounded as our designers were when they saw the wonder-working, shaping magic of TUMMY-TRIM. Bulges disappear! Your tummy is flattened and held in its naturally healthy position. Even your waistline is smoothed and made more supple. Incidentally, TUMMY-TRIM does a much more flattering job on your figure than the outerwear waist-chinchers so widely sold these days.

CUSTOM MADE FEATURES

Automatically adjusts for perfect fit. Off or on in a jiffy. Lightweight . . . boneless. Extra strength, extra stretch, all-elastic Wonder-Web. Reinforced for long wear. Four 10-inch adjustable garters. Guaranteed to combine style and quality or no cost. Extra flattering—extra flattening. Girdle that walks with you . . . never will ride up.



Old fashioned girdles spoil your figure instead of improving it. Note how the "bulge" pokes out instead of being flat and graceful. No excuse now because TUMMY-TRIM holds you in.



Here's the modern, up-to-the-minute slyph-trim figure that TUMMY-TRIM will give you. A dramatic change to an eye-full dreamy figure of charm, grace, and desire.

YOU'LL LOOK TALLER AND SLIMMER

Wear TUMMY-TRIM with or without a girdle. TUMMY-TRIM is in reality an entirely new kind of lightweight girdle. Its extra FLATTENING pressure is due to the criss-cross design plus a new strength elastic that stretches and adjusts automatically to shape your figure. Solid comfort! Better, more healthful posture! Exquisitely made! TUMMY-TRIM will actually improve your figure instantly and continue to better it day by day. The lacy trim completes its all-feminine picture. The four extra-length detachable adjustable garters are scientifically placed for comfort and to glamorize your legs.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Order today. Send the coupon. Try on and wear your TUMMY-TRIM for 10 days . . . Test it! Examine it! If not 100% delighted with your new figure and the tremendous value, return for prompt refund of the full purchase price. Waist sizes 24 to 30, \$2.98. Waist sizes 32 to 48, \$3.98.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

The S. J. Wegman Company, Dept. 137
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

RUSH my new TUMMY-TRIM three-in-one at once. If I am not thrillingly satisfied, I may return it after 10-day FREE trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Size _____ (Waist size in inches)

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman, on delivery, cost of the garment plus few cents postage.

☐ I enclose payment. The S. J. Wegman Company will pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

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and pictures to
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NOW!**

ACT NOW

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ing cases, Telescopes, Roller
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Rifles, Arch-
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Mail coupon for
SALVE and
pictures to start.

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Girls' Wrist
Watches,
Baking Sets,
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etc.

ACT NOW!

SAY! THAT CAMERA DIDN'T COST
SURE IS SUPERSONIC! ME A DIME-
YOU MUST HAVE JUST GOT IT FOR
STRUCK A SELLING WHITE
URANIUM LODGE! CLOVERINE
BRAND
SALVE!

JUMPIN'
JUPITER!
YOU'RE SURE
SIZZLING TH'
OL' ROCKET
TODAY, TED!

I'M IN A HURRY TO GET
BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE.
PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRING-
ING MY NEW CAMERA!

I'VE EARNED A SWELL RADIO
AND A TELESCOPE TOO!
IT'S EASY SELLING TO
YOUR FRIENDS -AND YOU
GIVE 'EM THESE SWELL ART
PICTURES -

THAT'S
FOR ME!

OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES -I'M MAILING
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Amateurs Only! Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit lettering. All drawings must be in by December 31, 1953. None returned. Winner notified.

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Please enter my attached drawing
in your contest. **(PLEASE PRINT)**

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ Phone _____

Zone _____ County _____

State _____ Occupation _____

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As part of my Communications Course I send you kits of parts to build the low-power Broadcasting Transmitter shown at left. You use it to get practical experience putting this station "on the air," performing procedures demanded of broadcasting station operators. Training plus opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, good pay, advancement. An FCC Commercial Operator's License can be your ticket to a better job and a bright future and my Communications Course gives you the training you need to get your license. Mail coupon below and see in my book other valuable equipment you build. All equipment I send is yours to keep.

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

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MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3MM
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Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book,
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write plainly.)

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